

A SENSATIONAL ARTICLE

WHAT IS A HOMOSEXUAL?

ADVENTURE

THE MAN'S MAGAZINE OF EXCITING FICTION AND FACT

**AN ACE REPORTER'S GREATEST SCOOP
WE COVER THE NIGHT WATCH**

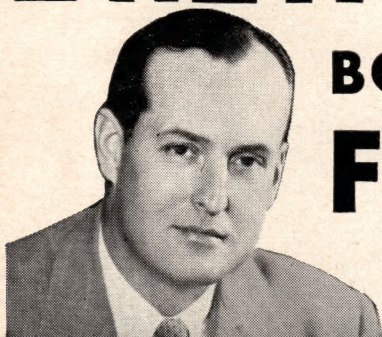
**FANTASTIC
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June, 25c

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WORLD EXPLODED
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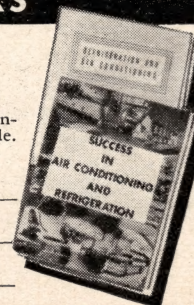
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Famous Illustrator

If you like to draw—America's 12 Most Famous Artists are looking for you. We want to test your art talent!

Too many people miss a wonderful career in art—simply because they don't think they have talent. But my colleagues and I have helped thousands of people get started. Like these—

Three years ago Don Smith knew nothing about art—even doubted he had talent. Today, he is an illustrator with a leading advertising agency in New Orleans—and has a future as big as he wants to make it.

Harriet Kuzniewski was bored with an "ordinary" job when she sent for our talent test. Encouraged by us—she started to study nights, at home. Soon she was offered a job as a fashion artist. A year later, she became assistant art director of an important studio turning out glamorous fashion illustrations.

Pipe-fitter to Artist

John Busketta was a pipe-fitter's helper with a gas company—until he did something about his urge to draw. Now he's an artist in the advertising department of the same company. At a big increase in pay!

A great-grandmother in Ohio decided to study painting in her spare time. Recently, she had her first "show"—where she sold thirty-two water colors and five oil paintings.

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ADVENTURE

The Man's Magazine of Exciting Fiction and Fact

VOLUME 130, NUMBER 6

JUNE 1956

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C

A M P F I R E

LARRY FINN, author of "Outpost of the Dead" on page 24, writes us this month from Vancouver in British Columbia. Larry was born with a taste for adventure instead of the proverbial silver spoon in his mouth; he came into this vale of sense and nonsense in England in 1921 of Irish parents (a giant shove in the



Finn: Writes of the Little People.

right direction as every Irishman knows) and began writing while still at school. The determined young man stubbornly plugged away at the plot for a who-done-it despite the irksome distraction of having a teacher's voice in the background just as stubbornly intoning Latin and Greek verbs.

It was ten years before he wrote again. He'd spent part of those years with the Royal Air Force and wandering over Africa, finally coming to rest on the Angolá coast, like a shipwrecked sailor, a little the worse for wear, but filled with an enduring love for the magnificent Dark Continent.

Back in Canada in 1950, now married and responsible for a family, he took to writing again. In 1953 he went to live with the Maori of New Zealand. There he launched "Te Aou Hou," ("The New World") New Zealand's first Maori national magazine.

"'Outpost of the Dead' just came out of my head," he writes. "But I can trace the germ to two sources. One is my interest in Bushmen and all the Little People of desert and veld . . . Once, in Africa, I knew two men who seemed to quarrel over nothing. But unlike the ending of my story, the older man's jealous fixation caused him to shoot the younger man dead."

AFTER BEING discharged from the army, where he had served as a paratrooper

and frogman, Mike Wilson, author of "I Fought the Slashing Killer" on page 44, went to Australia to try his luck in the pearl-diving industry. He was the first man to use and demonstrate aqua lungs on the Great Barrier Reef and in the Torres Straits. Working from the once-booming, but now ghost town of Cooktown on the Cape York Peninsular, he ranged the Barrier Reef diving for Trochus shell, pearl shell and salvage.

With two friends, he spent many weeks in uncharted waters around the Reef. He eventually concentrated entirely on pearl diving and he helped evolve a completely new and revolutionary diving rig which meant a complete revisal of old techniques.

Until very recently, the industry had been carried on by native crews using the helmet and corselet. Wilson was one of the few white men licensed to dive with this equipment.

He returned to the south of Australia where, in collaboration with a team of diving experts, he built the Demand diving rig. This differs from the conventional helmet and corselet in that it uses a face mask and a direct-feed mouthpiece.

He then took this equipment to Darwin in the Northern Territory and used it extensively in the Timor and Arafura Seas. It was during the Northern Territory trip that he first made contact with professional crocodile hunters and began to augment his income by shooting crocs on a semi-professional basis.

At the moment, Mike and Arthur C. Clarke, noted authority on space travel and astronomy, are fitting out an expedition for Ceylon to study native pearl diving techniques in the Gulf of Manar.

EIGHT YEARS AGO, Russell Lake, his wife and daughter, packed up, burned a few bridges and headed out of Chicago, bound for California. On the way they stopped "overnight" in southeastern Arizona and stayed eight months.

They lived in a little village in the desert surrounded by mountains and rode all over that lonely desert, poking into the mountains and talking with people.

"I had nothing to do the whole eight months except write, ride horseback, and lap up the romantic atmosphere of historic places like Boot Hill and the OK Corral at Tombstone," writes Lake.

In the spring, Mr. Lake and family crossed the mountains westward and landed in Fresno, California, where he now owns an advertising agency.

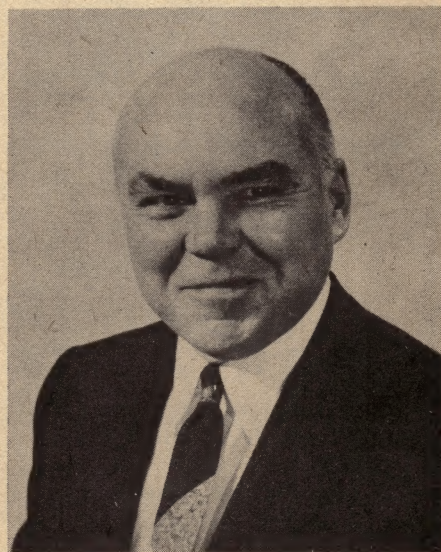
"I can't remember when I wasn't writing," says Lake, "and I can't conceive of a future with no writing in it. I have no Great Cause to expound. I just like to write about people and to catch a moment

in their lives when they seem to be up against forces bigger than they are. I like to see how they live through it. My story, 'Hang the Man High' (page 16) was not written with a particular moral in mind although I do believe that many of us often attach values to unimportant things while passing by the solid values of other factors of living."

FROM F. E. ARMSTRONG, whose interesting account of the Tanganyika big-game reserve appeared last month, comes this brief résumé of an exciting life, which we regret arrived too late to be published with his story.

"I happened to be eating in a Shanghai restaurant when the Japs dropped a bomb on the kitchen. Quite a mess . . . Later, while riding through the ruined Chapi district of Shanghai, I saw and photographed a heap of rotting Chinese bodies, secretly, from under a hat on my lap. Just about that time, a bunch of Jap soldiers came along in a car and shot a European who was riding in a taxi ahead of us. I asked my chauffeur why they had killed the man. He feigned ignorance, but I found out later, it was for taking pictures . . . In Berlin, I saw Hitler face to face, but I didn't listen to his yakketeyak. I did get a half-hour interview with Dr. Ley in the Ministry of Propaganda in the Wilhelmstrasse in Berlin . . . Later went with the German army toward Poland when they made their first strike, but they ditched me before we hit the border . . ."

A very full and exciting life, that! Perhaps we'll be hearing more of Mr. Armstrong in the future. ■ ■

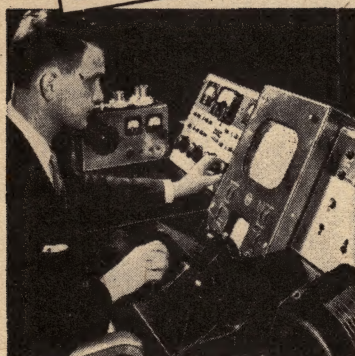


Lake: Westward ho from Chicago.



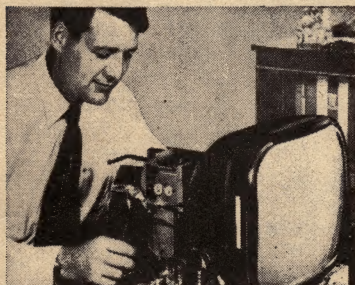
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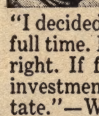
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I Trained These Men



"I have a regular job as a police captain and also have a good spare time Radio and Television service business. Just opened my new showrooms and shop."—C. W. LEWIS, Pensacola, Florida.



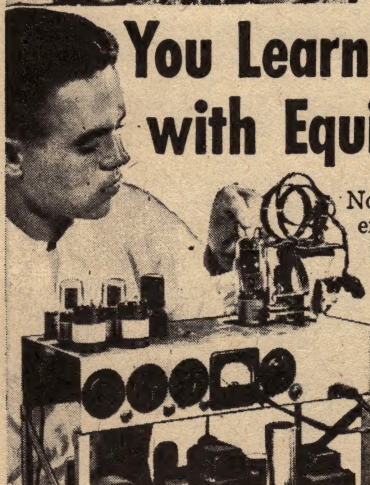
"I decided to quit my job and do TV work full time. I love my work and am doing all right. If fellows knew what a wonderful investment NRI is, they would not hesitate."—W. F. KLINE, Cincinnati, Ohio.



"Thanks to NRI, I operated a successful Radio repair shop. Then I got a job with WPAQ, later WBOB and now am an engineer for WHPE."—VAN W. WORKMAN, High Point, N. Carolina.



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ASK ADVENTURE

MAKE-UP OF THE FOREIGN LEGION

I understand that the French Foreign Legion is full of some pretty rough and unsavory characters with dubious pasts. Is this true?

ALAN S. REDD

New York, N. Y.

Your understanding that the Legion is full of rough and unsavory characters is true only in the sense that any large military force has its share of thugs. But proportionately the Legion has no more than any other corps of 25,000 men. Those Legionnaires who ran from anything to get in, have run from three things: women, debt, or stateless existences. These latter, whose countries have perhaps been legislated off the map, seek to identify themselves with something, and as most have had previous military experience, the Legion seems the best bet.

The Legion does not accept any known felons or political refugees who are wanted by a *de jure* government. A major misconception about the Legion has come from tourists and others who see the Bat' Af—the African Battalion—at work on roads and other public projects. It wears much the same uniform as the Legion but it consists of felons from France who were deported for their crimes.

Another misconception has grown from movies which portray all Legion noncoms as sadists and half the recruits as gutter scum. Neither portrayal is valid today. Legion non-coms are the best in the world, and recruits are screened so thoroughly that gutter scum wouldn't pass the physical.

GEORGE C. APPELL

AIRPLANE ENGINE NOISE

While I have been in the service I have had many opportunities to fly in different types of aircraft, commercial and military. But there is one thing that puzzles me: what causes the variations in the sound of the engines while the plane is in flight, or could this be my imagination?

RICHARD RUFFIN

Fort Knox, Ky.

I have had the same uneasy sensation that perhaps bothered you. Those motors didn't sound just right.

However, it is just the nature of the beasts. You recall that when you are driving your car at a certain speed, there will be some piece or part of the car that will vibrate or rattle. This is caused by a sympathetic vibration which means that the engine is vibrating at the same rate as the ash-tray or whatever.

The same thing occurs in an aircraft engine. One engine will set up a vibration caused chiefly by the propeller. Experienced pilots will synchronize their engines both by the RPM's and also by the feel or sound of the engine. Despite the care they take, these engines will not always be perfectly synchronized, hence the funny sound.

This doesn't mean a thing as far as the operation of the plane is concerned, but it will cause a little uneasiness in a passenger. I just returned from Europe in a Super-Connie, and out over the cold Atlantic I was sure that there was something wrong with one engine—but there wasn't. Just my imagination. When it starts to spit and throw pistons out the wall, that's the time to look up and wonder what the pilot is going to do next.

EUGENE V. LAUGHLIN

BASEBALL VS. HUNTING AND FISHING

On which of the following would you say more money is spent each year: hunting and fishing equipment (licenses, shells, tents, sleeping bags, special equipment, boats, motors, etc.) or pro baseball (money taken at the gate only)?

BILL HATCH

Pensacola, Fla.

I do not think I can give you anything definite, for at best, I can only give an opinion. It is my belief, however, that more persons indulge in hunting and fishing than participate in any other sport. This is especially true since women now go in rather extensively for both hunting and fishing.

As to the amount of money spent on the two sports, perhaps some big sporting-goods dealer could give you a better answer, but my guess is that more money still is spent on baseball.

The money that is spent on baseball admissions is quite an item, despite collapse



of minor leagues and general falling off of major league attendance. The 1955 World Series receipts alone were \$2,979,269, and with TV and radio money it was \$3,512,515. While major league attendance is down from its high of around 1946-48, it still was 16,617,383, which roughly represented gate receipts of \$28,000,000. I would say concessions represented about \$5,000,000. Add \$8,000,000 in TV and radio money, which of course, in the long run is paid by the listeners. That's only the cash statistics of the majors, who also spend terrific sums for travel, hotels, spring training, etc.

I would think that would run into considerably more money than is spent on guns, rifles, fishing equipment, motor boats, and travel to get to hunting and fishing grounds. After all, many a man makes one shotgun or rifle and one or two fishing rods last him for a lifetime. And I am including the equipment and gear of the sportsmen who go in for deep sea fishing.

FREDERICK LIEB

PIONEERING IN BRAZIL

I read an article by Otto Binder saying that guts and a grubstake are all you need to be a pioneer in Brazil where frontiers are being made overnight and Yanks are in demand. What do you think?

HENRY C. GEORGE

Moses Lake, Wash.

According to Neil Brinck, a close friend of mine, with whom I hobnobbed fre-



quently in Brazil, there is actually a "Lost World" in North Central Brazil, somewhere south of the Venezuelan Roraimas, where gold and diamonds *together* can be picked up barehanded. Neil insists it is so, and owns considerable acreage there. Such land can be purchased or leased for the formidable sum of five cents an acre. I know Brazilians who will tell you, "I own eleven million, maybe seventeen million hectares of jungle land." A hectare is about 2.2 acres.

I have talked with men who insist that Brazil is rich in everything, especially manganese—there was a find in Amapa Province in 1947 or so—and my friend Captain Janary Gentil Nunes, Military Governor of Amapa, with headquarters at Macapa, insists that the area is rich in gold, silver, coal, diamonds, and he makes special concessions to interested Americans who wish to dare the jungle. He would grubstake, but I'd be sure of "mad money." Amapa isn't a province, really, but a Federal Territory, not too long ago a part of the mighty Province of Para. Captain Janary is a go-getter, and called "The Amazon Fireball."

Otto Binder is right, but if I were younger and hunting adventure, I'd not be sure just where to start in Brazil. I think I'd tackle the unexplored area of the Roncadores, east of the northern tip of the Matto Grosso, or the unexplored area north of the Campos de Ariramba (which are north of the Amazon at Obidos); or I'd let Captain Janary put me to work. He makes a twenty per cent discount to Americans in his hotel at Macapa.

ARTHUR J. BURKS

JOBS IN FORESTRY

How could I qualify for a job in forestry and what education is necessary?

FRANK CRUISE

A high school education, at least, is important as a requirement to get into most forestry and wildlife work. Because present day jobs in those fields have so many applicants with a four-year college education, one is handicapped in going up in position and salary without such training; it is required in most cases for permanent positions on the staffs. There are seasonal jobs and some others in most of these related fields that might be available otherwise, but if you want to make any of these a life's work you do need the full education leading to a degree.

Experience is generally necessary for jobs that are the type that do not require a degree.

There are written tests for fellows who wish to qualify for the work you are interested in, and some field tests as well; after that in Civil Service you are rated on your record of performance. In the United States Forest Service and some state forestry and wildlife jobs you will have to have the college degree to even qualify for taking the tests.

I have arranged to send you a booklet and perhaps some other material that will detail all of the steps required to get into any of these jobs.

ARTHUR H. CARHART



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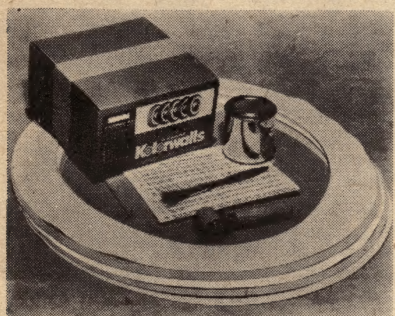
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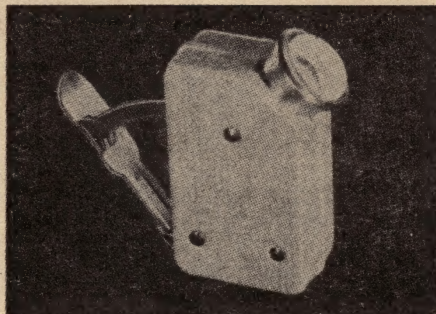
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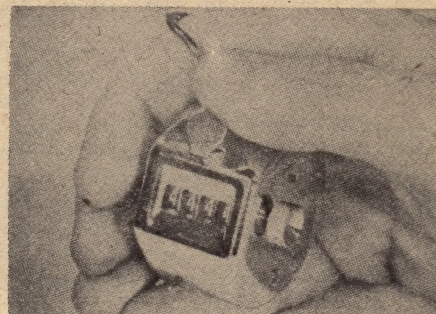
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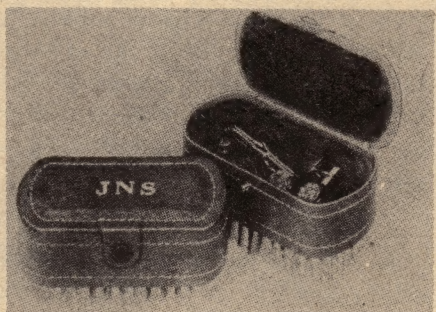
Men's Mart



You've seen batteryless flashlights before, but this new imported model has a rust-proof case and is more compact and easier to operate than the others. Hand lever turns dynamo producing a wide-angle light. Lens is unbreakable; measures just 2 5/8" x 1" x 1 1/2". A reliable source of emergency light, or for general use. Good item for \$4.95 ppd. Prince Enterprises, 103 Park Ave., N. Y.



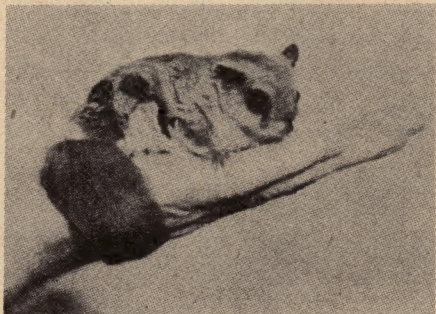
Got something you want to count? Laps in an auto race, people (or chickens) crossing the street, money, inventory, number of martinis consumed? This little precision counter will keep an accurate total up to 9,999 and repeat. Side knob resets all figures. Well-made and nicely chromed, it's \$4.95 ppd. from K. D. McLean, Box 991 Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.



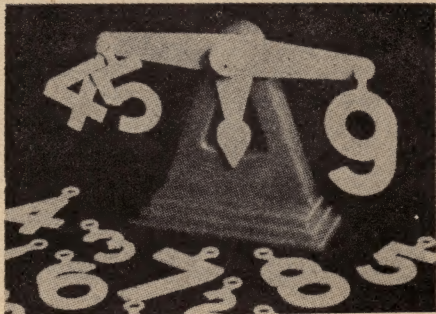
The good man who makes these has combined two useful items into one—a stud box and a clothes brush. Bristles are nylon; case is made of lambskin leather, saddle stitched and lined with green velvet. Color is honey-brown, and it measures 4 1/2" x 2 1/2". Hinged cover has a snap closure. With a two or three gold-lettered monogram. \$2.75 ppd. Zenith Gifts, 55 Chadwick St., Boston 19, Mass.



A honey of a way to start off collecting stamps is to buy this sackful. Packed with more than 1,000 stamps from over 30 countries, they are unpicked and unsorted, just as received from foreign banks, missionaries, etc. Chances are you won't find a stamp worth a fortune, but you'll get in value many times the \$1 ppd. it costs. H. E. Harris, 2905 Transit Bldg., Boston, Mass.



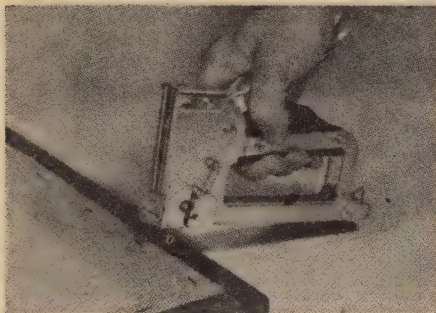
The least you can say about flying squirrels (gliding's closer), is that they make unusual pets. There's more. They are bred to be pets, are clean, harmless, friendly, live for years, don't have to be walked, eat citrus peels (cheap enough), and are easily trained. Enough? Pair, male and female, \$25 exp. coll. Live delivery guaranteed. Keene, Box 423, Concord, Mass



Idea behind this toy scale is that while your kids play with it they also learn how to count. It works thusly; for a 9 on one side to balance, a 4 and 5 must be hung on the other end of the balance arms. Made from unbreakable plastic, scale comes with 14 numbers. Has a red base, blue balance arm and white numbers, \$1.25 ppd. Marwin Co., 7736 N. Marshfield, Chicago, Ill.

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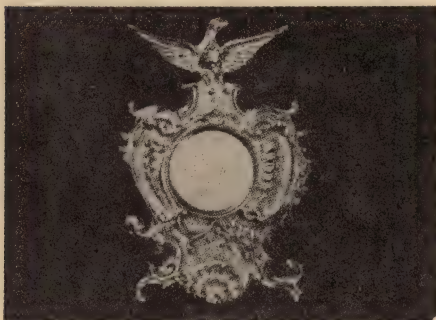
A useful tool to have in the house, this Duo-Fast staple gun drives tight-holding staples as fast as you compress the handle. Drives staples from 1/4" to 9/16" long, and is good for installing insulation, ceiling tile, weather-stripping, screens, upholstery and other similar projects. Staple gun comes for \$11 ppd. Order from Fastener Corp., Dept. A, 860 Fletcher St., Chicago, Ill.



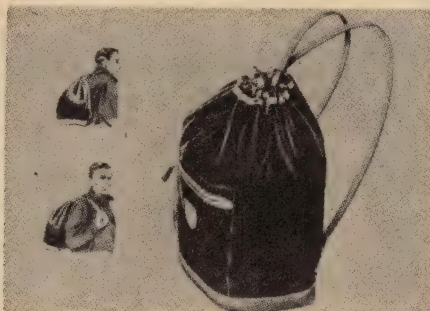
Because of a new tanning process with silicones, shoes are now being made that are absolutely waterproof and actually shed water like a duck. The leather stays soft and flexible after repeated wettings, instead of stiffening and curling. Made with cushion innersoles, neoprene outsoles, these shoes are now available from the Mason Shoe Mfg. Co., Chippewa Falls, Wis.



Excellent utility bucket for a boat, this one is made from Polythene and is unbreakable, light, and has nothing to rust. It will not scratch boat deck, can be used for food, chemicals or paint, and will withstand boiling water. Handle is removable for easy storage. Made in England, it stands 8 1/2". \$6 ppd.; with lid, \$7.85 ppd. Alex Taylor, 7 East 38th St., New York 16, N. Y.



Should you have an old-fashioned pocket watch that's been passed along to you, this is a nice way to display it—hung in a brass holder that's a copy of an early French clock in use around 1750. Pretty ingenious idea, actually, and nicely made. Fine for desk, mantel or table. In solid brass, \$7.20 ppd., in black iron, \$4.20 ppd. Market Comb-ers, Box 3282, Station "F," Atlanta, Ga.



A good all-purpose sports duffel, this one is made in France and used by European Olympic teams. Made of waterproof duck and leather, bag can be carried in one hand, has adjustable straps so it can be worn like a pack. Has rubber-lined zip pocket in front, is 17" high, 12 3/4" wide. In navy, green, red, blue (specify). \$6.50 ppd. Poly-X-Products, 95 Walworth Ave., Scarsdale, N. Y.

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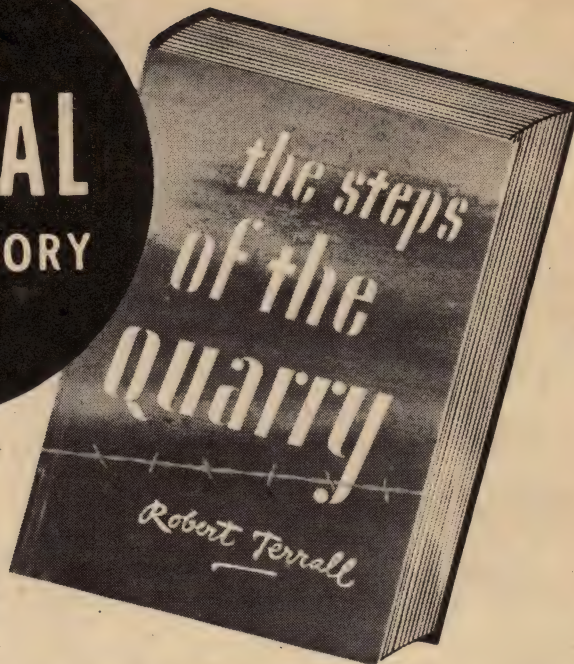
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Young volunteer twists in agony after staggering through sheet of flame. "Don't let me burn to death!" he screamed, even as he died.

*A dying man's courage let a handful
of us fight through hell and live,
on that day of flaming horror—*

The Day The World Exploded

by FRANK SHAW

AS TOLD TO PAUL DITZEL

PHOTOS BY LOS ANGELES COUNTY FIRE DEPT.

THE DAY THE WORLD EXPLODED CONTINUED

I WANTED to break down and cry when I staggered back down that scorched hillside. Every step magnified my raw burns but I had to see for myself if Captain Rockey was dead. I couldn't believe he didn't crawl out of that cauldron with me.

But then I saw what my mind refused to accept. I knew it was Captain Rockey because his helmet lay near the body that was sprawled along the ridge of the canyon. Only a couple of minutes had passed since the searing blast of withering flame suddenly roared up out of the canyon and exploded in our faces.

And then I saw the others, the flame-blackened bodies of three camp crew workers who didn't make it out either. They were strewn grotesquely along the ridge like something you'd see in wartime. Two others lay dying up at the

Routine job of halting brush fire became nightmare of death and pain when freak whiplash of flame shot up valley floor, engulfing firefighters without warning.



Ten children barely missed death in smoldering house. Firebug, running wild, touched off series of blazes.

top. The hillside looked like a berserk flame thrower had spewed one quick, vicious blast that left six men dead or dying and seven others, including myself, horribly burned.

Another wave of flaming agony shot through me and I thought I was going to fall down again, but I turned and started painfully back up the hill. Every step I took made my turnouts rub cruelly against the deep burns all up and down my legs. I tried to walk bowlegged to keep the cloth from chafing against those raw burns. But it didn't help. I didn't know anything could hurt so much.

Some people were running up the road toward the smoke. When they saw me reeling toward them their faces went pale.

"My God! He's still alive!" one of them gasped. I hardly heard their voices, nor did I feel their hands reaching out to steady me as Chief Byron Robinson's big red car roared up. He helped me inside where I waited until the ambulance arrived. As I sat there, rigid with pain, my mind refused to accept the hazy realization that less than thirty minutes back I was talking to Captain Rockey at our fire station.

Ours was a good house to be stationed at, one of the best in the Los Angeles County Fire Department. We got along fine and we had a good skipper in Glenn Rockey. That means a lot in a job where you live with three other guys, sometimes more, for twenty-four hour stretches, especially when you don't get so much as a single run during some shifts.

Captain Rockey had fifteen years on the job, so that made him one of the veteran captains in this young fire department. He'd worked under Chiefs Keith Klinger and John Duncan, and they often let it be known that they considered Glenn as prime chief's material some day when there was an opening.

Those of us who only had a few years experience as firemen felt lucky to be assigned to Engine Four because we could count upon Captain Rockey's cool head to make the right decisions when the going got rough in smoky basements or moldy attics. All of us admired his courage when things started to break up all around us at fires, so we never worried about not getting out when Glenn was beside us. In a word, he was a fireman's fireman.

That Friday afternoon, September 2, 1955, was hot in South San Gabriel, one of the hottest in Los Angeles County's history. It was the kind of a sultry afternoon when you almost cross your fingers and hope you don't get so much as an automobile fire.

But we were on edge. We had a feeling that things wouldn't be quiet, for a firebug was running wild on the rugged brush-covered slopes of the Puente Hills a few miles away. His macabre appetite had already caused two severe brush fires in the past two days, one of them lashing out into thirteen houses in the San Dimas area. When we got through cold-tailing that one the arson investigators totaled up around 1,250,000 dollars in damage. The pyro set the Turnbull Canyon fire, too. Both of these brush fires had been touched off within thirty-nine minutes of each other on successive days, between one and two o'clock in the afternoon.

There was no question in our minds but that there had

With fantastic speed of beserk flamethrower, blast claimed six charred bodies in three minutes of hell.







Hill fire threatened valley houses, had to be stopped before creeping into town below.



Day of terror ends in pall of smoke. Dazed survivor asked: "Why didn't the others make it? Why?"

THE DAY THE WORLD EXPLODED CONTINUED

to be a third fire. They always come that way. One of the superstitions that's been making the rounds of fire houses everywhere since the days of the horse-drawn steamers is that fires always come in pyramids of three and the third is always the most treacherous.

Sure, we had our arson investigators poking around in the hills, trying to flush the pyro, but you could turn out every last man in the department and you still couldn't hope to cover the many miles of tinder dry, brush-covered slopes.

Unless you're familiar with Southern California, you might wonder why we make all this fuss about a couple hundred acres of burning brush here and there. In the first place, the brush provides a valuable watershed covering. Moreover, summer droughts are often followed by winter's crippling floods that are helped along by the fire-scorched hillsides. The water run-off from the hills floods the more built up flatlands. What's more, Los Angeles County's hills are sprinkled with expensive homes, many of them having panoramic views and swimming pools, all of which adds up to possible property damage in the hundred-thousand-and-up class if a brush fire gets out of hand. Our fire loss record gets some pretty bad blemishes when we lose a few of the hilltop estates.

Too, you don't have to wade right in and douse the flames if you're lucky enough to get there before a brush fire gets a head start. As a Kansas

City fireman put it the other day while visiting us: "To be a Los Angeles fireman you have to be part mountain goat to climb over those steep hillsides to reach the fire before it reaches you."

So you can see why we get as jittery as Chicago firemen when they get an alarm from the stockyards. Or New York firemen who dread those hard-to-fight pier fires.

I remember looking at the clock in our fire station when word trickled down the grapevine that the third fire in three days was roaring in the LaHabra Heights area of the Puente Hills. It was a few minutes past one o'clock. The firebug was running true to form. If you shaded in the burn on a map you'd see this latest fire formed a triangle with the other two touchoffs.

La Habra Heights. I tried to picture the area in my mind. That was a little out of our first alarm district. But we'd probably roll on the next alarm. Captain Rockey switched on the two-way radio mounted in our thousand-gallon Mack pumper.

The Los Angeles County fire frequency was humming with activity. The sensitive mike in Assistant Chief William Weyant's car picked up the screech of his siren and then he radioed while still racing toward the fire:

"Looks like a big one. We're going to need a lot more help . . ."

Captain Rockey turned to us as we grouped around the rig, listening to the radio.

"We'll probably be (Continued on page 62)

Captain Glenn Rockey died here, manning hose to the end so others could escape.



H. ROSENBAUM



Hang the Man High

"You're quite a boy at a hanging, mister, when the other feller's too little to fight. Well, behind this gun I'm the biggest man around.

You got anything to say—before I pull the trigger?"

IT WAS a lazy, hot afternoon and they had pulled the old wagon into the shade of the big cottonwood not far from the house and had been hammering at it for an hour. Benedict flicked the sweat from his forehead with a curved finger and watched Judson putting the last wheel back over the greased axle.

"That's about it," said Benedict. "One thing more and she's finished."

He went to the barn and came back with an iron angle

brace with flattened ends. He crawled under the wagon and set the brace in position. "Fits like a glove," he said with satisfaction.

Judson grinned. "Good thing. Too damned hot to do any fixing." He leaned against the tree and built a cigarette, blowing the smoke at a drifting butterfly.

"For a little fellow," Benedict grunted, straining at his work, "he's a damned good blacksmith."

"Big or little," Judson said. / (Continued on page 58)

by RUSSELL W. LAKE

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY ROSENBAUM

The horse bolted under the whiplash. Someone screamed, once, twice—and then the job was done.

8:05 p.m.: First assignment—murder. Photog gets to vicious Central Park mugging on heels of police.



I Cover the



Alerted for felony tip-off over car's short-wave, newsman cruises along White Way.



8:45 p.m.: Light moment on grim beat. Latin Quarter showgirls turn on camera-conscious charm.

*Murder, suicide, ladies of the evening, you'll meet them
all on Night Patrol—a newshawk's most dangerous beat*

Night Patrol



10:05: Detour for glitter of Broadway opening. Left, Bob Hope; right, Walter Winchell.

THE drone of a headquarters-police-sergeant's voice came through the short-wave radio on my dashboard.

"Car Nine . . . Car Nine . . . Go to Central Park West and Seventy-Second . . . check report that a body is lying inside the park at Seventy-Second."

I flicked on the ignition, hit the starter and reached for a cigarette. My night's tour of what the boys at the newspaper office laughingly call the "glamor beat" was about to begin. Between now and seven a.m. tomorrow morning, a twelve-hour period, I would photograph murder, birth, fire, accident, suicide—anything that can happen, and usually does, in a big city like New York.

All of it is news, and news is my business. The biggest newspapers send out their own radio equipped patrol cars to follow the police cars. One of the most celebrated radio-car reporters in the country is Walter Winchell, who has followed the call of police sirens around New York City for some years, reporting much of what he sees in his *Daily Mirror* column.

I COVER THE NIGHT PATROL CONTINUED



12:25 a.m.: Suicide or murder? This man died from falling—or being pushed—out of hotel window. Minutes later, cops caught hold-up man.



5:15 a.m.: Violence at dawn. A sixteen-year-old hood crawled into police headquarters with a knife in his back. He'd been stabbed by "friend."

As I started the car, the police call directing patrols to Seventy-Second street and Central Park was repeated. Apparently, tonight's tour would start with murder.

The body was there all right, bloody and almost nude; clothes, shoes and all identification had been stolen.

"Another mugging I guess," one of the cops growled. "They never learn, no matter how much you advertise it—the park ain't a place to walk at night."

Two other photographers had arrived and we took pictures as the cops checked clues and waited for the morgue truck to take the body away. Murder is all in the night's work for me. I changed the film in my camera, lit myself a fresh cigarette to get the smell of blood out of my throat, and stepped on the starter, swinging my car toward Broadway.

My radio began to rasp as I swung out into traffic again. A hurry call to the West Side Highway . . .

I got there ahead of the ambulances but I stayed around to watch the boys in white do their job. Quickly, quietly, they did what patching they could on the broken bodies of the survivors of a crash between two cars driven by a couple of morons who had tried to out-race each other on the narrow highway.

I didn't waste much film there because it's an old story. Just the worst example of such crashes make the pages of your daily newspapers, but you can multiply the ones that do by a hundred for a realistic daily total.

Back in the car again, I got a call to go to the West Side piers, where the big ships like the *Queen Mary*, *Queen Elizabeth* and *Independence* deposit and load passengers. I rolled up alongside the pier just as the police cars arrived.

To one side of the dock in the path of traffic, a man lay on the pier, and a sailor knelt beside him. The man had been knocked down by a taxi as he tried to run through the traffic to reach the pier. He had no luggage, and the police could not find a boat ticket on him. They did find identification, however, which meant his family would be notified of what hospital he'd be taken to.

My radio rasped out a call to the Times Square area again. I made it across the few blocks from the fifty-

"Glamour beat" ends, ironically with a bit of real glamor, a break for checking news-worthy gossip.

seventh street pier with siren open. The call was to a big Times Square hotel whose patrons were out-of-towners.

The point of action was a crowd around the entrance to the hotel. I wormed my way inside the lobby. The cops were loading a guy on a stretcher for the ride to the hospital although I could see at a glance that the end of the line would probably be the morgue.

He'd jumped—or been pushed—out of a window of the hotel. There'd be further police investigation, and if he turned out to be a celebrity, or if the cops proved he'd been the victim of foul play, my pictures would be printed in the newspaper along with the full story. But if he was just another suicide I'd have just another print for the files, for suicides in a big city are a dime a dozen.

Two more calls completed my run that evening—a typical tour of the "glamor beat."

One of them came from the exclusive Metropolitan Club. The police were really hot this time. They had their prisoner in the patrol car when I arrived and I followed them to the police station to get my pictures. The criminal had tried to rob the hotel safe, but had failed due to the quick action of a porter.

My last picture of the evening was an unusual one. I was just finishing up on the Metropolitan holdup case and getting ready to leave the station house when I heard a voice cry out: "Help me! Somebody—I've—been—stabbed!" It was a boy's voice, high and shrill with pain and fear.

I ran from the fingerprint bureau into the hallway where I saw two cops running for the front room.

The kid was just sixteen, and he lived in the neighborhood. He had been stabbed by a member of his own gang, and he'd turned to the police for help—the very police the tough gangs are constantly fighting. This kid was hurt bad, he swayed and fell dead right in front of the sergeant's desk.

I ended the night with a cup of coffee in an all-night joint, then I went back to the office to drop my gear before turning in. So ended another tour of duty on the "glamor beat." But tell me—where's the "glamor"? ■ ■ ■

JUNE, 1956



What is a HOMOSEXUAL?

With dignity—above all, with understanding—this article dares push back the curtain of ignorance from one of the most tragic secrets of our day



Street pickups are only for the desperate. Most homos seek own kind in bars and "gay" hangouts.

THE scene is a police station. Half leaning, half propped by a tall detective, is a bloody-faced and badly battered young man hearing himself charged with disorderly conduct. "Disorderly conduct" is a name often given for what the arresting officer believes to be improper advances.

Yet all this prisoner did was to go up to a stranger—who turned out to be the detective—ask for a light for his cigarette, and suggest that they visit a bar for a drink together. He did not offer to harm anyone, apparently he was only being friendly. For him, the action was normal. But what happened? The law pounced upon him, beat him, dragged him into court, and threatened him with more than a disorderly-conduct fine if he repeated the offense. Why? Unfortunately, he is a known homosexual!

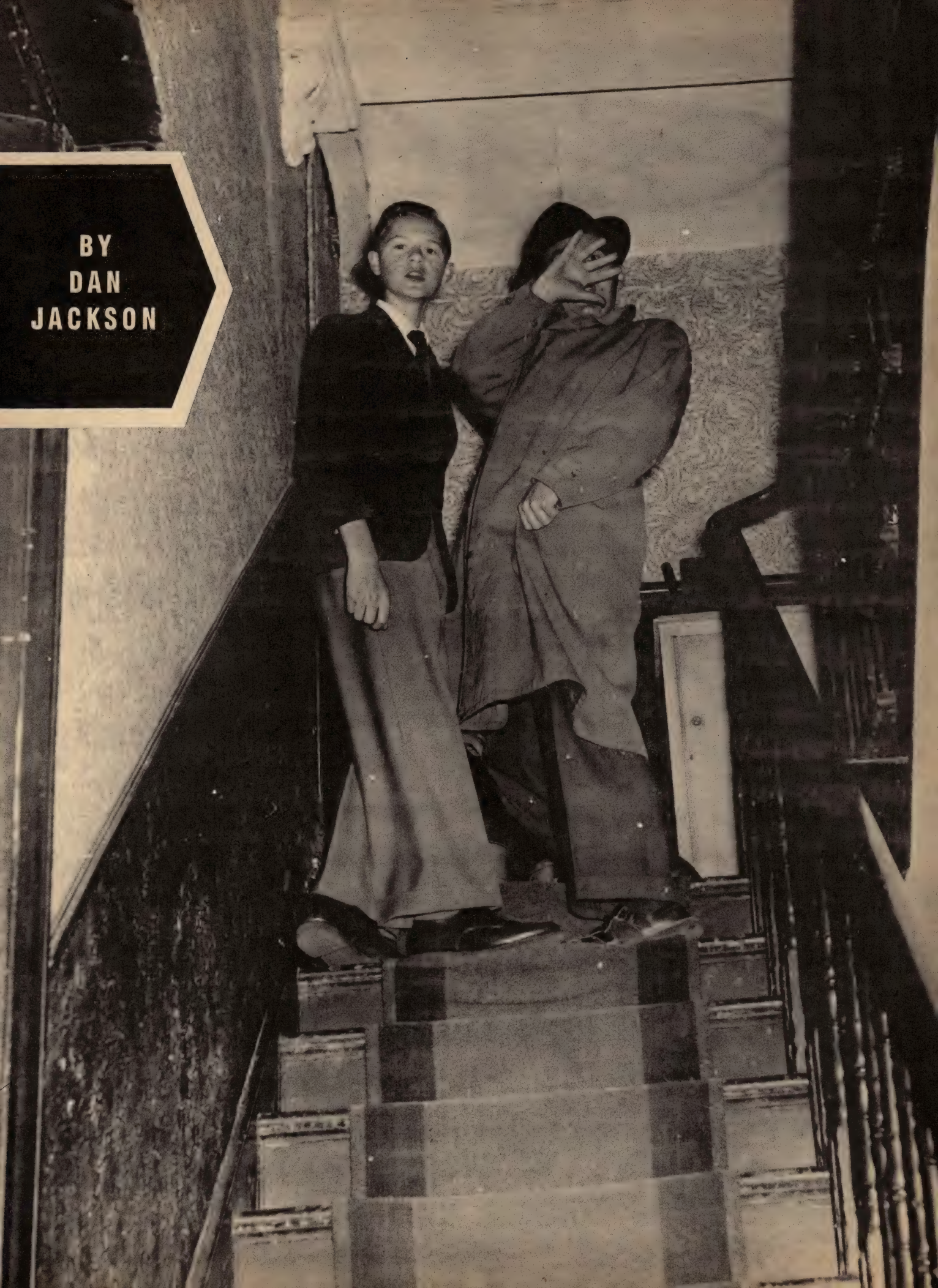
What is a homosexual? On the surface it's someone, male or female, who looks about the same as you or I and eats, drinks and clothes and cares for himself about the same as we do—with one exception. His love preference is for someone of the same sex. For this reason, many people look upon a homosexual as a criminal, anywhere you go in the United States. He or she is in deadly fear of being an outcast from family, friends and business associates. If a member of the armed forces, he or she can be dishonorably discharged without any GI benefits.

A homosexual is a haunted heart, a silent soul crying for understanding, someone about whom you should know more instead of adding your blanket condemnation to that of others.

Kinsey says you really can't define a homosexual since there are people with varying degrees of homosexual experience. Some are a hundred per cent, ninety per cent, sixty, ten, or even only one per cent. Also, (Continued on page 74)

PHOTOS BY GRAPHIC HOUSE
POSED BY PROFESSIONAL MODELS

BY
DAN
JACKSON





ILLUSTRATED BY HERB MOTT

Outpost of the Dead

*Out of the night they came, the deadly little bowmen of
the Balala — the only warriors in the world, Mallory knew, who killed
without anger, without a reason — and without a trace!*

by **LARRY FINN**



There was a hail of arrows. "We're finished," he cried. "God, what a mess, what a waste!"

THERE on the rim of the Kalahari with its desolate wastes of thorn scrub, red sand and rock-strewn treeless plains, the little war had started over goats. A clan of the great Bechuana had fallen on the primitive, nomadic Balala—"The Poor Ones"—and robbed them of their flocks, killing some who resisted and sending the rest fleeing in groups of angry men who needed only a little time before reorganizing themselves for the inevitable retaliation. Then there would be more killings, though stealthily from ambush and with tiny arrows whose tips were coated with a poison which caused men to die before they had time to pray.

But as if carried by the wind, the news of these happenings reached the lonely outposts of the Bechuanaland Protectorate Police; and while some patrols went out to pick up the Bechuana ringleaders, others merely traversed the area carrying the white flag of conciliation, eager to pacify

both parties until justice was done, but ready to meet trouble wherever and whenever it came . . .

As the starless night thickened about the encampment the cold desert air bit deeper into the two white men squatting over the fire, numbing their tired bodies in spite of warm clothing and a generous ration of Cape brandy. They had not spoken for some time, content to relax with their hot drinks once the camels had been fettered and the sentries posted, but now Mallory was uneasy. Inspector Kramer was drinking steadily. He was gulping the stuff down, and tomorrow, when this dark desert changed to a blinding haze of yellow sky and blood-red sand, he would feel like death with a parched, rasping throat and a head throbbing like a drum. It was true he had been a little queer lately, and was probably not himself, but if the patrol was to survive in this arid land it needed all the clear heads it could muster.

"I think I'll turn in, sir," Mallory said, ashamed and disappointed. He was glad the native troopers were asleep. They, at least, would not witness their *baas*, whom everyone looked up to, making a fool of himself.

Kramer must have sensed his assistant's feelings, for he tossed the empty mug aside and stretched himself out on the sand, resting on an elbow. He was a big man, red of hair and with a light, freckled complexion that had been burned brick-red by the sun. His eyes, as they rested on his companion, glinted unnaturally in the firelight.

"My wife likes you, Mallory," he said in an odd, thick voice. "Did you know that?"

"No, I didn't, sir," Mallory said uneasily. "But I'm glad she does." It was no use; the inspector was drunk and he would have to humor him.

"You needn't call me 'sir'," Kramer told him. "You're in the desert now, not back in Shoshong where rank matters."

"Right," Mallory said, and at once the word struck him as too naked and blunt. It needed a 'sir' to round it off. You just couldn't be that familiar with Inspector Kramer who, when out of uniform, looked like a dour, Dutch farmer from the backveld. He was too quiet and serious, though narrow in outlook when it came to matters beyond his job and the duties it imposed. Yet he was a model policeman, an ideal type for this desert and its untamed nomads.

"She was always talking about you," Kramer went on, eyeing the fire, and the young man slowly raised his head and gazed across at him.

"I was a new face, sir," he said, with a forced laugh.

"Women are like that."

"Not Maria," Kramer said.

Mallory swallowed, aware that some kind of tension was building up between them. The inspector was definitely not himself tonight, what with the drink and all this talk about his wife.

"She always tried to make you feel at home, didn't she?"

"Yes, that's it," Mallory gripped the edge of his blanket.

"She was very decent to me, sir."

"She called you Peter and mothered you a bit, didn't she?"

Kramer was becoming strangely insistent, quietly hammering home his points. "But I suppose it's natural," he added, "when a woman is stuck out in a place like Sabutane, and there's a younger man around."

"I don't know what you mean," Mallory said, flushing.

"Don't you?" Inspector Kramer looked straight at him.

MALLORY waited, his mind racing back over the events of the past three months. But he could remember nothing that had happened which would account for this conversation. There had never been the slightest trouble between them at Sabutane, where he had lived with the inspector and his wife ever since being posted from the Divisional Headquarters at Shoshong. On the contrary, in that bleak and isolated station they had become as a family, though Kramer was naturally a taciturn man. As for Mrs. Kramer, Marie, she was a dark, slender woman with unruly hair whom Mallory had liked instinctively, even before he discovered that she came from his home town, Pretoria. But he had felt sorry for her, he remembered; as he did for any woman who was forced to live in the desert.

"Is there something troubling you, sir?" he asked, unable to bear the silence.

There was a strangled snore from nearby as one of the native troopers turned restlessly under his blanket.

"I'm not blaming anyone," Kramer said, tight-lipped. "You were bound to get friendly. I left you both alone often enough when I was on trek."

Mallory let the blanket fall from around his knees. "Do you know what you're saying, sir?" he asked hoarsely, suddenly feeling a cold sweat on his forehead and in the palms of his hands. "You're accusing me of carrying on with your wife."

"I didn't say that," the inspector rapped at him, sitting up again with stiff, clumsy movements. He brushed the sand from his clothes.

BUT you've almost said it," Mallory insisted, trembling a little. Why, the man was 'bushed'; stark, raving mad. He couldn't have believed it of him, this man of iron who had always been utterly fair and just.

"All I said," Kramer explained doggedly, "was that you and Maria were friendly—too friendly, if you ask me. Remember, she's five years younger, and it shows when you get to my age." He looked away, muttering something which Mallory did not catch.

"You're mistaken, sir. Please believe me," Mallory was not angry, but hurt. He was sorry, not only for the innocent Maria, but for this tired, aging man who had slipped so fast from the pedestal on which he had placed him. Yet it all added up, for lately he had noticed things about the inspector which had disappointed him and made him wonder. And on account of it there had been a noted slackness of discipline among the troopers, the unfailing sign of a commander's weakness. The inspector was failing; he needed change, a rest in a different climate.

"Don't you think we'd better turn in, sir?" he said to Kramer. "You're upset . . . tired . . ."

"Remember, I saw you kiss her once," the inspector said.

Mallory caught his breath. "I don't deny it," he said finally. "It was Christmas Eve, if you remember, and we'd all had a few." He felt a weariness overwhelming him now as he realized the futility of it all. Kramer was staring into the dying fire, his shoulders hunched and his lips pursed stubbornly. He was behaving like a spiteful old man and, what was worse, a jealous one, at that. But it did not become him, for as he sat there dejectedly he still looked what he was—a tough Colonial policeman on whom the sun had set many times. That was the pity of it.

Mallory lay down and covered himself with the blanket.

"I want to talk to you about the tribesmen," Kramer said, after a while, and the young man turned his head toward him. "Things are too quiet for my liking. There's no telling what the Balala are up to . . ." He spoke as if nothing had happened between them. ". . . I mean we should have met up with them by now, unless they're avoiding us. They're like children most times, but they can be cruel and savage when they want something. And they want their goats back. 'They'll have it in for us, too. They'll blame the police for not stopping the Bechuana in the first place.'"

"What do you think, sir?" *(Continued on page 64)*



General Custer (center) bagged giant bear during early Indian-fighting days in Black Hills of the Dakotas.

The Man Behind the Grizzly Bear

He climbed to fame with guns blazing, and died the same way, this young Western officer whose entire command was wiped out in one bloody battle

YOU'D probably never guess who is the center figure, holding the rifle behind the big grizzly bear, in this rare old picture dug out of United States Army files.

No, it's not Davy Crockett. Or even Daniel Boone or Buffalo Bill.

The man is someone whose name has always been linked with the Old West, a man who is one of its most authentic heroes and who had the leading role in perhaps the most stirring of all the sagas of the frontier world but about whom, as an individual, very little has been written.

While lesser lights of pioneer days continue to parade across the mesa of memories larger than life-size, this man seems to become more and more shrouded by the mist of time.

The man behind the great grizzly bear is General George Armstrong Custer, USA.

Hundreds of books and movies about the Old West have something to do, (Continued on page 79)

by HAROLD HELFER



well-rounded

ONCE in a blue moon a gal comes along who's so breathtakingly lovely that the hearts of mere men perform crazy antics at the thought of her. And when she has talent and brains as well as that frosting-on-a-cake shimmer it's a foregone conclusion that this big old world will learn about her sooner or later, generally sooner.

Such a fortunate combination of confection and charm is twenty-two-year-old Jayne Mansfield, the platinum-haired young lady whose glamor graces these pages. Only a year or so ago, Jayne was just another doll in Hollywood, looking for her big chance. She was, however, better prepared than most to grab that chance if and when it came along, and in addition, she wasn't just waiting for it—she was all set to create it herself. Jayne has the background that



career





makes a winner—a well-rounded (no pun intended) education that included courses in dramatics at the University of Texas and U.C.L.A. and considerable skill at playing both the piano and the viola. She spoke three languages well, German and Spanish in addition to her native English, and she knew how to fork a horse and do a neat swan dive. It was a cinch that talents like hers would soon be noticed.

Bit parts launched her career, and then Jule Styne, the Broadway producer and composer of such song hits as "Three Coins in the Fountain," saw her and decided she had plenty. He cast her in the part of Rita Marlowe, a sequin-spangled siren, in the new comedy "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" by George Axelrod, and she was really on her way. The play was a smash hit, and Jayne got such lyrical praise as "splendid as a sexy but typically dumb broad!" and "a lovely bundle!" It looks as though she won't have to worry about work for a long, long time. ■ ■





The ravenous rat was on her lap, groping toward the blood. "For God's sake," implored Ricco, "don't faint!"

A N A D V E N T U R E C L A S S I C

The Wax-Doll MURDERS

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*One last assignment they gave him, one last grim fistful of living
minutes to find among Manhattan's noisy millions the killer without a tongue*



ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. VON DONGEN

SLEEP all the while—Humbel style!” cajoled the sign in the furniture-store window. Beneath the sign were two beds. In them, as though doggedly obeying the slogan, lay two wax dummies, man and woman. Stiffly at rest, artfully displayed. Sleeping all the while—forever.

Outside, it was cold. So cold that here and there among the crowd spewed from the subways a man would sink his neck into a turned-up collar and gaze enviously in at the sleepers, so warm and still. But the wax husband slept woodenly on, with the blankets slipped bravely from his tinted neck, so that the curve of his wax shoulders showed. It was lifelike, intimate. Humbel’s would sell a lot of beds today,

with such a window show to follow up their full-page Sunday ad.

On the second bed the wax lady, with feminine perversity, had buried her head in the sheets. Only her startlingly realistic hair could be seen, spread in charming disarray upon the silk pillow. So they lay there, while envious shoppers looked and went about their business and forgot them, and the sun turned the walks into coffee-hued slush, and it was noon.

At noon the woman sleeper moved. It was not the first time. For hours, she had been moving, with stealthy, cunning twists of her covered body, but no one had noticed.

Instead, her painted mate, with his shoulder so staunchly

by **EDWIN SLOAN**

THE WAX-DOLL MURDERS CONTINUED

bared, his too-perfect, peaceful face, had stolen the show.

But now, for the first time, her movements were visible. Stiffly, as became a store-window automaton, she elevated her upper body slightly from the hips, so that the sheets slid slowly across her forehead. Her hair began to trail along the pillow as her head lifted.

Then, as the light struck it more directly, it became apparent that her hair was gray.

Until after two the gray lady moved furtively, as though she were pushing against the drag of the blankets which held her to her bargain-sale bed. The silly, baby-blue binding on the side of the blanket began to strain and quiver where it was jammed against the tucked-in sheets. A thin edge came free, snaked jerkily loose. The gray lady was held no longer against her will.

ONLY a few late bargain hunters were looking at that precise moment, but those few stopped, nudged one another. What would these merchants do next? The dummy was actually moving!

A blowsy old slattern tittered vacantly, pressed her nose flat against the cold glass. And stiffly, as if her dummy soul had been curious to see who thus profaned her rest, the gray lady sat up straight and met her eyes.

As she rose, her hair fell suddenly down across her face. It was unlovely hair, spare and drab, and cut a sorry figure beside the pomaded gloss of the wax man beside her. It was not the kind of hair poets sing about.

"I—Gawd, I nearly—thought—"

The gray lady shook her head, and her face came out of the shadows of her hair. It was a gray face with lips too dark, too bruised for a store-window doll. Suddenly the mouth gaped horribly, empty.

The watchers gasped, stunned. The slattern screamed and ran tipsily down the sidewalk.

Still the gray lady sat in her bargain bed with set lips.

The gray, murdered lady, without a tongue. The gray, murdered lady somebody had put in the twin bed in Humbel's window, where she had lain until, with the stiffening of rigor mortis, she had sat up to gape sightlessly out at the street.

Hurriedly, they pulled the curtains over the window, and ran to telephone the police . . .

Six days later, Detective Sergeant Ricco Pasquale Maguire stared glumly at the tabloid on top of his scarred desk. Its inch-high lead screamed blackly across the page:

NO CLUES TO WAX-DOLL MURDER!

Sergeant Maguire cursed roundly in a surprisingly cultivated voice and stared at the flyspecked ceiling.

A fist like a small, underdone ham rested on the opposite edge of the desk. It started to wave. Maguire lowered his eyes from the ceiling and faced its owner.

"Bellamy," he said, "there's no need to kid ourselves. Or get excited. Or get sore, like you are now. This is a case we'll probably never break."

Captain Pat Bellamy was fat; his jowls hung loose under

the frame of a fighting jaw. He hit the desk and the ink bottle jumped. He said hoarsely, "We got to, and you damn well know it."

"I know," he said. "They're on your tail. From the commissioner down. Humbel's put him in office. Now he has to deliver for them, and when he can't he's griped like a bound-up alligator." He pulled the ink bottle out of range. "Did it ever occur to you," he said, "that the old girl was the second victim of this fellow—and that the first one didn't even make a headline on an inside page?"

"To hell with the first!" screamed Bellamy, and Maguire put the ink in the drawer. "This one means my job!"

"It's all alike you are," Maguire grimaced. "You and the commissioner and the papers. This poor lady down in the morgue is a symbol of the power and the balance sheet of Humbel's. You're hot as hell and yelling about her fate because she died in Humbel's window and is likely to spoil sales. The first victim wasn't so lucky. They fished him out of the East River nice and quiet, and no dames to faint when they carted him off to a slab. A nice-looking lad, too."

"A damned floater." Bellamy's face was red.

"A nice, clean-looking fellow he was," said Ricco Maguire, "all lost and dead on a slab, and him holding in his hand the note that may cleave a path to the devil who sent him there. D'you look over that music, Captain?"

Pat Bellamy spat wide of the cuspidor. He fished in his pocket. "I know. Two pieces of music. One of them in the pocket of the stiff they fished out of the river, the other in the fist of the lady in Humbel's window." He threw two stained fragments of sheet music on the desk and scowled at them. "My daughter stuck 'em together and played 'em to me on the piano. They sound like hell and it's a hell of a clue to give a man before they throw him out on his fanny. Me, the best damn—"

Ricco Maguire took the paper from his superior and tore it neatly in half. "Sure it must have sounded like Chinese," he said grinning, "with the front on the back like you pasted it. Listen!"

He put his feet on the desk, gazed soulfully at his toes, and sang: "Tum, tum, didde di, ta tum ti di de-e-e, di—"

"Rick," wheezed Captain Bellamy, "I'm not a patient man, and—"

MAGUIRE waved him to silence, "That," he said, "is a death threat. And all we know of the murder of the floater in the river. And here, sir, is its supplement, the message the poor lady hugged to her when she lay murdered in a store-window bed."

Ignoring the chief's apoplectic squirmings, he cleared his throat mightily and intoned: "Ta, ta, de dah-h-h, de dah de dah-h-h, de dum."

There was a knock at the door and a patrolman came in.

"A man's outside, Maguire. Wants to see you personal."

"Make him wait," Bellamy yelled. The door shut hastily.

When the latch clicked Bellamy wailed, "I hand him a case and ask for action. And everybody gives me hell and you give me music! Jumping be (Continued on page 49)

Inside the World's Greatest Harems



Their life is love and they live it to the hilt, the languorous harem beauties who tempt a king's caresses

INTRIGUING little news items that crop up now and then emphasize a point of more than average interest to the male sex generally.

They show that in many areas of the world the ancient institution of the harem is by no means defunct. In fact, it is still flourishing. There are even a few harems in some of our own western states, as harrassed law officials know only too well.

Pointing out this fact does not mean that we favor polygamy, nor the seraglio with its more-or-less incarcerated crop of females ranging from full-fledged legal wives to concubines. Nor are we trying to moralize, since conceptions of woman's status vary as greatly as do men and women. We are merely making a study of an interesting institution, peering inside a few famous harems, much as we might investigate barber-shop quartettes, for example.

Not long ago the newspapers reported that a deposed Moroccan prince had been permitted to take with him into exile his seraglio of some twenty females. Some consolation! Also recently, there was quite a tizzy in the United Nations over the harem setup of the aged Fon, or tribal chief, of Bikom in a remote area of West Africa. The Fon, it appeared, had 110 wives of various ages, whom he maintained in a large compound. The investigation petered out when it was learned that the wives seemed to be happy. Their principal complaint was that they were not producing children. This is not strange, considering that the Fon himself boasts he is over 100 years old.

In the United States, numerous members of an obscure Midwestern polygamous cult were recently haled into court, fined, and imprisoned on charges of maintaining harems. One patriarch of the cult had six wives—ranging in age from thirteen to fifty—plus twenty-eight children, all living to-

by **JEROME THAYER**

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER POPP



Walter Popp



gether in a single house with only five bedrooms.

"Give up all but one of my wives?" cried another cultist who ran afoul of the law not long ago. "Never!"

It is not surprising that the largest harems were maintained by men of great wealth. Thus kings Nebuchadnezzar and Solomon, both rich and powerful, are reputed to have had harems of around a thousand females each. Nebuchadnezzar was probably the first man on record to staff his seraglio solely with eunuch guards—all prisoners of war whom he had emasculated.

Even today, eunuchs are still employed as harem guards in lands—such as Egypt and India—where their outright slavery is against the law. These neuters are as free as anybody and are paid as we would pay butlers, cooks or chauffeurs. Many with superior education manage large households and receive good salaries. A curious fact is that in all lands where eunuchs are in demand, numerous young men of extreme poverty submit voluntarily to emasculation in order to enter rich households. There is even a sort of guild of *abas* or "master eunuchs."

Considering the cost of maintaining a vast harem, eunuchs and all, it is not surprising that the wealthier of the 562 maharajahs of India have had some of the most pretentious of these establishments. Not long ago the Nizam of Hyderabad—reputedly the world's richest man, with a fortune of three *billions* or so—was alleged to be maintaining 400 females, plus as many automobiles. The Maharajah of Patiala—by comparison a poor man—had fifty-four women in his harem and allowed each one about seven thousand dollars a month to spend on herself.

Until his recent death, Sultan Abd el Karim of the rich Arabian province of Yemen maintained a harem which was typical of the fondest ambitions of many a follower of Mohammed. The prophet, who had a harem of fifteen beauties, was said to have enjoyed women, scent and fine food in that order.

Good descriptions of Karim's paradise for the lusty male have come to us from some of the 400 or so females who were pensioned off and sent home by his successor, who preferred monogamy.

The sultan was an extremely vigorous man, more than six feet tall, black- (Continued on page 56)

ADVENTURES

THINGS YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT YOUR

PSYCHIATRIC HELP: An American Mental Health Foundation report, based on a six-year survey, states that one-third more men than women need help from psychiatrists and psychologists. For persons in the thirty-two to forty-five age group, the survey found 1,151 men, 944 women, who required psychiatric help, while in the bracket above forty-five years there were 299 men, 197 women. But in the choice marriageable years, between eighteen and thirty-one,



according to the survey, twice as many females require mental health help. Of 6,745 applicants for mental aid, 2,367 were women between eighteen and thirty-one, but there were only 1,060 men in the same age bracket. Of applicants in the sixteen and seventeen age group, 88 were male, 202 female.

HOSPITAL LAWSUITS: In a recent issue of "Medical Times," Dr. George A. Friedman of New York City points out that errors in any one of the many steps between donor and recipient of blood transfusions raise legal problems. A doctor who goes into the wrong hospital room, for example, may be committing trespass, and if he treats a patient there he may be technically guilty of assault. Courts have held that the doctor isn't liable, but the hospital is.

The issue arose in a case where an intern went into a hospital room and gave the patient a blood transfusion actually intended for another patient, from a donor who was supposedly her own daughter. The patient vainly protested that she was not supposed to receive a transfusion and had no daughter. Later, when she became seriously ill, the hospital was held liable for assault,

trespass, and negligence on the part of an employee.

Many suits arise from blood-typing techniques, which are now so accurate that if a patient is injured because he or she received incompatible blood, it is attributed to negligence by the technicians responsible.

Dr. Friedman reports the case of a patient who was mistakenly typed as RH positive, although her blood was actually RH negative. Later when she became pregnant and the child was still born, presumably due to infusion of the wrong type blood, the hospital was held liable for negligence, and the patient and her husband were awarded \$20,000.

In order to avoid legal repercussions hospitals must store blood under the proper conditions. But, Dr. Friedman points out the patient seeking a transfusion must take the risk of a possible transmission of disease. The virus causing a certain type of jaundice, for example, can be spread by blood transfusions. As yet there is no sure method of destroying this virus, and the hospital or other supplier of blood cannot be held responsible. Whether need for the transfusion outweighs the risk of jaundice is a question for medical judgment. Malaria, measles, and influenza also can be transmitted by a transfusion.

NON-STICKING DRESSING FOR WOUNDS: Now you can dress any wound with Telfa, a Bauer & Black strip for minor injuries. We understand that this dressing doesn't stick, because it has a perforated "plastic skin" that goes next to the wound and absorbs drainage. Removal is usually simple and painless and does not disturb healing tissue or stitches. If your doctor hasn't heard of this new dressing, you might call it to his attention.

SNAKE-BITE DEATHS ARE NOT NECESSARY: According to Dr. Frederick M. Allen of New York City, even after the largest bushmaster, or king cobra, has struck and the bite is judged to be fatal, your life can be saved, possibly at the cost of a limb, by properly applying a tight permanent tourniquet.

Dr. Allen cautions that no tourniquet should be applied without refrigeration unless a limb is to be sacrificed, as in emergencies when a person is stranded in a remote wilderness.

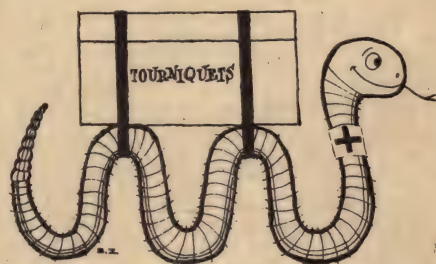
Dr. Mahlon Z. Bierly, Jr., recommends that when the snake bite affects a finger or toe, no incision should be made, because the shock of a knife blade increases tissue damage and may lead to gangrene and amputation.

Annual deaths from snake bite are estimated at 25,900 to 35,000 in Asia, 3,000 in South America, 300 to 500 in North America, smaller numbers for Europe, and unknown numbers for Africa.

PLANING THE SKIN: Since 1952, the public and the medical world have been interested in skin-planing, or dermabrasion, to smooth skin that has been scarred by acne, shingles, smallpox, or chickenpox. This technique involves "freezing" the skin and then abrading with a motor-driven wire brush, in short strokes, and repeating the progress until all the scars have been planed down.

A report by two dermatologists, Drs. Herbert Rattner, of Chicago and Charles R. Rein of New York, prepared at the request of the AMA's Committee on Cosmetics, reveals the results of planing experiments.

More than one planing treatment may



be necessary, and while it can improve skin appearance in some patients it cannot help others. Dissatisfaction can be expected from those persons who regard their scarred skin as responsible for their failures and discontentment in life. An improved skin cannot guarantee social and economical success, but it may remove the excuse the patient has used for his failure.

IN MEDICINE

BY J. R. GAVER

LIFE—AND HOW TO LIVE IT TO THE UTMOST

Most of the other patients are satisfied with the results, which depend much upon the operator's skill and the depth and shape of the scars. Flat super-



ficial scars respond better than do deep-pitted, ice-pick types. Results are more satisfactory on the face than on the chest, shoulders, back, or neck, while recent scars apparently respond better than old ones.

WORK ITSELF IS NO CAUSE FOR EMOTIONAL PROBLEMS: Dr. Jackson A. Smith, a University of Nebraska psychiatry professor, has debunked the idea that "overwork" necessarily causes emotional illness. Among ninety-one patients whose emotional unbalance was thought to have been due to overwork, Dr. Smith found only seven whose mental ills apparently could be traced directly to their work. Unwise supervision, a pre-existing tension state, or a physical injury were the precipitating factors in the other eighty-four patients.

The seven patients whose emotional problems seemed to have been directly related to work stress were all employees of a certain railroad which had recently switched from steam to diesel power. Those seven lacked confidence in their ability to operate the new equipment. They were indecisive and fearful, although fellow workers generally regarded them as competent.

Disagreement with their bosses caused forty-nine patients to become emotionally ill. The trouble usually began with the hiring of a new supervisor who acted on the principle that the most efficient way to boost production was to constantly demand more work and never praise past performance.

In the eight patients whose work presumably upset their mental balance, it was found that they had too many duties, responsibilities, and demands on

their time, and they refused to delegate authority or responsibility.

HOME ACCIDENTS: In a report by Park, Davis Company, types of home accidents that occur most frequently are listed as falls, burns, poisoning (solid, gas, or liquid), mechanical suffocation, and firearm injuries. Of these, falls account for the most fatalities, especially among persons of sixty-five and older. Second, are burns and other deaths associated with fire.

Studies carried out in England have shown that, except for ladder accidents, there are more falls among females (especially elderly ones), than among males. The fair sex apparently has a tendency to fall on level places and stairs. Accidental deaths from falls occur most commonly during the winter months, when weather plays an important role.

Sixty percent of the burn cases have been traced to the wearing of inflammable clothing. Smoking in bed is another common cause. Kitchen utensils containing hot grease, lard, or boiling water can cause severe scalds if left within easy reach of children.

Other factors leading to burns and explosions include faulty pilot lights on gas stoves, gas leaks, defective electric wiring and equipment, and spontaneous combustion in greasy rags. There is also the problem of touching electrical apparatus when your body is wet. Many burn and electrocution accidents can often be avoided by not using electrical equipment in your bathroom. Frayed cords and broken electrical equipment should be replaced at once.

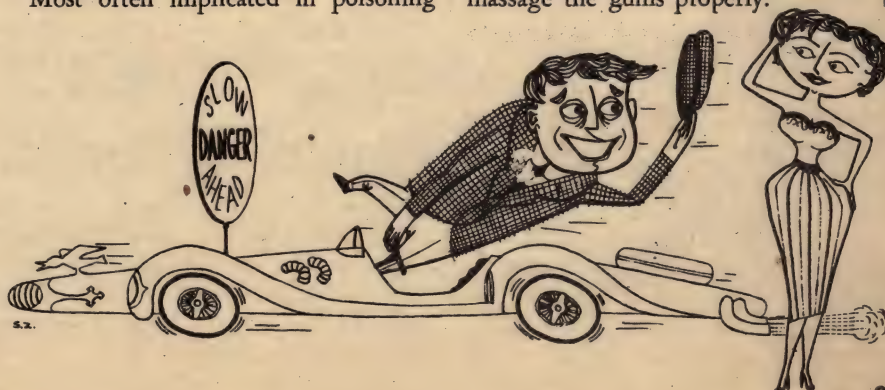
Most often implicated in poisoning

by gases and vapors are unventilated garages, poorly ventilated rooms, and unattended areas containing gas equipment, especially heaters and stoves. The high death rate of aged people from such causes is due largely to the fact that many of them live alone in poorly ventilated rooms.

Certain home hobbies also are associated with poisoning and burns, for example, inhalations of the carbon tetrachloride that stamp collectors use to clean stamps, prolonged exposure to nephrotoxic turpentine in home painting jobs, and "experiments" with chemistry sets.

CAUSES OF TOOTH DECAY: At a meeting of the American Dental Association in San Francisco, gum disease was found to be the greatest single cause of tooth loss. Known as periodontal disease, it involves the layer of tissue covering the root of the tooth and lining the wall of the tooth socket in the jawbone.

Once again the excellent advice is given: Rinse your mouth thoroughly after each meal because most decay occurs during and for about fifteen minutes after eating. For this reason some experts belittle the common practice of brushing your teeth only in the morning and at night. In one study, bone destruction accompanying gum disease has been found in ninety-seven per cent of the persons between the ages of forty-one and forty-five who were investigated, while in a study for the thirty-six to forty-five age group the percentage was eighty-five. One way to guard against this is to learn how and when to brush the teeth and how to massage the gums properly. ■





William George

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM GEORGE

The Devil's Captain

*He was a swaggering, evil traitor, and to defy his law meant death. But he held two things dear to me—my life and my woman
—and I had one bullet-ridden day to get them back!*

by FRED HUMISTON



Before Daniel could move, a girl's arms broke the surface of the water and a red-topped head shot into view.

WHEN Daniel Breck beached his canoe at the foot of the settlement, instead of keeping right on up to the fort, he rested awhile. This last scout had been mortal rugged, and after three weeks in the woods without a cooking fire for fear of getting his hair lifted, a man's apt to grow sort of puny. Jerky and a few handfuls of parched corn ain't shucks for nourishment. And Daniel wasn't hankering to make his report to that old he-bear, Major Jabez Helm, on an empty belly.

Daniel took up his rifle and headed for the twenty-odd cabins, where they huddled some distance back from the shore. Abreast of the Frenchman's Place he hesitated, a tall, broad-shouldered young man in worn buckskins, studying on a minor problem. "Dram of brandy should ready my stomach for food," he decided, and headed for the door.

A screech that was a cross between a catamount's call and a Shawnee war whoop froze him in his tracks. The door burst open; something cannon-balled by and knocked him out from under his coonskin hat. He bounced up, hatchet drawn and ready, and saw orange-red flames stabbing the night in the direction the running men had taken.

"Tarnation!" His eyes were slitted dangerously, and standing so, lean and tall, he might easily have passed for Shawnee, or even Wyandot, he was that tanned. His hair was black enough, too, except it was worn shoulder-length, instead of in a scalp lock.

"Sort of riled, hain't ye, Bub?"

Daniel whirled. "Don't ever sneak up on me thataway again," he warned.

"Shucks." The speaker came (Continued on page 69)



James Stewart, holder of D.S.C., Air Medal, plays hero to whom he bears close resemblance.

ADVENTURE MOVIE OF THE MONTH

Spirit of St. Louis

PHOTOS BY WARNER BROTHERS

AFTER twenty-eight years, Charles A. Lindbergh's epochal Atlantic flight from New York to Paris has been dramatically re-created in a Warner Brothers' CinemaScope film based on the great flyer's Pulitzer Prize book, "The Spirit of St. Louis."

Fourteen years in the writing, "The Spirit of St. Louis" is not only a suspense story of hair-raising and accurate detail, but it also reflects the kind of personal courage and determination which made Lindbergh an international hero.

James Stewart, who is a distinguished civilian pilot and highly decorated Army Air Force flyer, plays the role of Lindbergh. It was his finest moment as an actor, Stewart confesses, when he was chosen for the lead in this film of high adventure and courage.

With the original Ryan monoplane used by Lindbergh hanging impressively and forever in Washington's Smithsonian Institution, it was necessary to reconstruct a new *Spirit of St. Louis* for the screen.

Following the form of Lindbergh's book, the film recounts the young flyer's dream of distance flight, conceived as he was flying the mails between New York and Chicago in 1926. The momentous flight itself is presented with dramatic flashbacks as Lindbergh recalls his earlier life as a stunt pilot and barnstormer—and then finally, his great moment of triumph and glory is shown with all the thrilling magnificence of the real life event.

A truly unusual film and one that is highly recommended for all who love the color of the infant days of flight and the emotion of a heroic man's life. ■ ■



Between mail flights, in infancy of aviation, Lindbergh designs plane for first transoceanic flight.



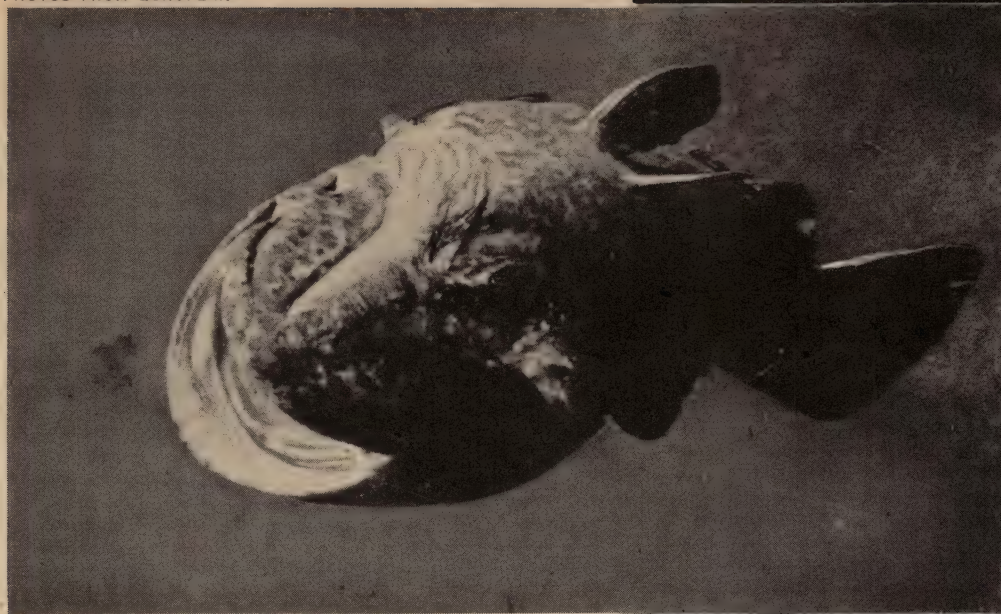
At start of thirty-three hour flight, *Spirit of St. Louis* passes last landmark en route to Paris.

Moment of glory comes when 150,000 cheering people rush forward to meet Lindbergh at Le Bourget airdrome.



I Fought the Slashing Killer





Clear waters around northern Australia and Thursday Island teem with pearl beds—and hidden dangers for the diver who hopes to make his fortune there. Jagged coral reefs can cut air line in an instant and giant groper rays will attack ferociously and mangle an armed man.

by **MIKE WILSON**

AS TOLD TO

KEN BULMER



IT was dirty down below. I had to strain to see six feet through the tiny view-ports of my helmet. A tug on my lifeline from the tender above warned me that my drift had carried me dangerously far astern of the pearling lugger over this patch, a patch where I knew I shouldn't be. If my air hose snagged the ugly coral bommies looming above, it could be ripped from my helmet by the weight of the drifting lugger.

And this was groper bottom!

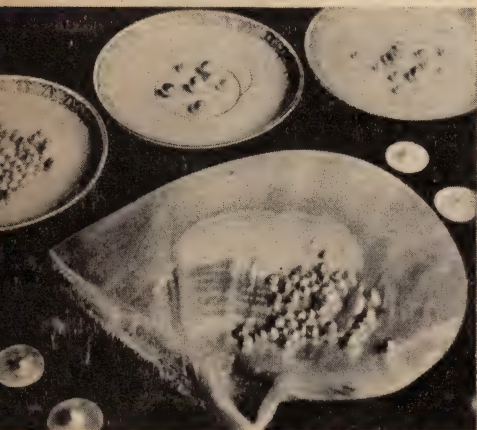
As though that thought were a signal, the long shape ahead which I had assumed to be just another muddy bank stirred, lifted from the bottom and flicked toward me.

Gropers attack with instantaneous ferocity. I backed away as rapidly as my lines and gear would allow, kicking up mud and sand in a

*My helper was dead, and now I was
alone—alone on the sea floor with a deadly
monster and my air supply cut off*



Luggers run to sixty feet, have roomy deck, cramped quarters. Islanders inherit diving know-how—but each man makes his own courage.



The discovery of a pearl is a breath-taking but rare moment; yield left, represents years of diving. Chief income is from mother-of-pearl shell.



Three divers operate from a boat. Tenders stand by, feeding or tautening line as lugger drifts, constantly alert for danger signals from below.



desperate attempt to ward off the giant cod long enough for me to clear the menacing coral above. I was gripped by a coldly mechanical logic, working out my chances of getting out of this alive.

But if I did get out, there was my friend Pedro, drifting unknowingly down into the path of the giant groper!

This was the sort of situation I had vaguely visualized when I had decided to try my luck at pearl diving. I knew that probably more nonsense had been written about diving than any other profession in the world, and particularly about the specialized pearl diving in the waters of northern Australia. It was to get the facts about this fascinating and dangerous profession that I became a pearl diver, working aboard luggers from Darwin, Cooktown, Cairns and Thursday Island.

When I applied for the job I did not mention the fact that I was gathering material for a book on the Australian far north, with emphasis on the Torres Straits and Thursday Island, the center of the pearling industry.

The harbour master had had experiences with "one trip experts" and all the pearlers and divers regard with suspicion anyone who wishes to join their hazardous life. Although I was gathering data for the book, I knew that this life offered me many other chances denied to those chained to office desks and I was prepared to go into the business on a professional basis, accepting all the consequences. Some of those consequences the harbour master, idly playing with a shark's tooth, explained seriously.

"Three divers have already been lost this season. Most of the population of Thursday Island consists of divers or their dependents and knowledge is handed down from generation to generation. Much of this know-how is soundly based. The Islanders are expert divers, but"—the harbour master shrugged—"there's a great deal of ignorance as well."

I explained my background and diving experience.

"That's good," the harbour master admitted. "Most deaths are attributed to the natives' lack of knowledge of diving physiology."

"That's my one ace," I told him. "Frogman experience has convinced me of the life-saving advantages of knowing what you're doing all the time you're under!"

I got my diver's license, a small white paper with the all important words:

ADVENTURE

"... Mr. J. M. Wilson ... is licensed to be employed as a diver using diving apparatus on a ship licensed under subsection 2 of section 10 of the *Pearl Fisheries Act 1952-1953*."

As I went out I got a last word of caution.

"Remember, Mike, the industry is almost as old as Australia itself and much of our history is tied up with pearl shell and its seekers. You'll be a white man diving where only Islanders dive and have dived for years. Try not to give me any more trouble than you have to."

I smiled. The lure of deep water had taken me years ago. Now I was to be one of the few white men who have dived professionally for shell. I knew it would not be a romantic life, but I had been used to roughing it in places like the Sinai Desert, the Southern Sudan and the dead heart of Central Australia. I knew it was shell and not pearls that lured men to dive thirty or forty fathoms; but I wondered, not without a surge of excitement as must anyone with the spark of adventure in them, whether I would find a valuable stone.

Mr. Garvaro, the pearling master, expected his lugger in the following day. This delay, which ordinarily I would have detested as a fresh obstacle, gave me time to check my gear. This included an aqua lung and an oxygen re-breathing set which I guessed would look mighty strange to divers accustomed only to the regulation bulky helmet and corselet. This gave me something to ponder.

Just how strange would their equipment—the clumsy helmet and heavy lead harness—seem to me, used to the mobility and complete control of aqua lunging?

The lugger came in the next day and I was early on the jetty waiting for her. She rounded the head under sail, lively in the breeze. Cutting up the fairway, her sails dropped smartly and she came in to her moorings under power.

A dinghy plopped overside and the skipper was rowed ashore. Mr. Garvaro introduced us. As simply as that I stepped into a new life.

The normal pearling lugger is usually a sixty-footer, with a main and mizzen, and with a large, roomy working deck where the air hoses and lifelines are coiled, the cooking is done and the shell cleaned. With engine, air compressor and large water tanks below deck, together with essential ship's stores, there is very little space for the crew to unroll their bedding and personal gear, their "swag" as Australians

phrase it. Every scrap of space is utilized; tins of corned beef, sacks of rice and flour, bags of sugar, limited medical kits, canned goods and all the paraphernalia of a working ship are stowed under every bunk.

I was anxious for my first dive and half an hour before sunrise I was awakened. This is the regular time to start the working day and the cook, who has one of the toughest jobs aboard, began to prepare breakfast for the fourteen-man crew. When the sun appeared the lugger was well on her way to her working ground. Areas where pearl shell are plentiful are known as patches.

We made something like five miles from our sheltered anchorage and I wondered how the skipper could tell where a good patch would be found. This specialized knowledge, I came to discover, was the result of years of experience in all the Australian pearling grounds and no mystery of psychic divination. Seven or ten years of diving, plus an expert's grasp of seamanship, combined to make the skipper, who was also the stern or head diver, a man who really knew his way around above and below the sea's surface.

Once on the patch, a buoy was thrown overboard and, with her mizzen sail up, the lugger began her first drift down across the patch. After that first drift the lugger beat back to the buoy and then came the moment for which I had traveled thousands of miles. I was actually going diving for pearl!

Within minutes the lugger was ready for the next drift and I stood on the ladder overside, facing inboard, the heavy helmet and lead corselet placed over my head. I grasped the shell-bag in my left hand and with my right took a firm grip on the safety line. Then I stepped off the ladder backwards and the sun and air disappeared above me.

On this first try I was diving in the middle position. Three divers are dropped, the captain from the stern and the least experienced from the center. I went down slowly, backpedalling hard to keep my body upright.

I shoved my hand up under the helmet and held my nose. This cleared my ears and I felt pleased that the first stage had gone smoothly. A single mistake and I could have turned upside-down, flooding my helmet and I would have drowned. (Continued on page 77)

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glory!" He wiped his mouth with the back of a hairy hand.

Ricco stoped smiling. "Take it easy, Captain. You're tired and bedeviled and up a tree. So'm I."

Bellamy sat down massively. He said, very quietly, "Sorry, Rick. Allus right, you are. Only you, a millionaire, can walk out of here and tell them to go to hell."

"No," said Ricco Maguire, "not until a certain job is finished."

Bellamy said hastily, "You mean your mother?" And then: "Sorry. I don't mean all I say, Rick. Only—" he spread his hands—"I got two years to go for a pension, and the girl to think of. Helen's a big girl now, Rick. Big enough to gallivant around with a guy I wouldn't spit on, an' workin' on crazy heathen jobs. . . . Oh, well, give me the story. I'll listen quiet."

"This thing the papers call the wax-doll murder," Ricco said, "is crazy. It breaks all the rules. Because we know everything. We know the killer was one Ray Salvo. We know he was a night watchman at the store."

"And the old dead 'un was a scrub lady there," moaned Bellamy.

"Last Saturday night," said Ricco Maguire, "this Salvo killed and mutilated the woman on the steps of the toy department. He concealed the body in Humbel's best sale bed. He punched the time clock every hour along his round. He waved good-bye to the man at the time gate at seven in the morning and went out."

"He went out leaving absolutely nothing. Only a name and locker number. And the fact that he's old and average-size. No one down there can describe him, not even his voice. Nothing."

Bellamy muttered, "I guess maybe I'll trot along an' let you work on—"

"The man called Ray Salvo," said Ricco Maguire, "was one crazy smart *tillicum*. So smart he sent taunting notes to his victims, musical notes they couldn't read."

"Yeah," growled Pat Bellamy ominously, "it's my head that can't stand the talking and doing nothing. I got to move my fists too—"

"So we've got to be crazy smart, too," said Ricco Maguire inexorably, "and here's a start: The musical notes came from a suite of chamber music called 'Songs Without Words,' and the title of this particular song is 'Consolation.'"

"Get 'im," grated Captain Bellamy. "Find 'im for me, Rick. Give me an hour alone with him—an hour of reasonable grilling, as you might say—." He made for the door, moving quickly.

"'Consolation,'" murmured Ricco to the slamming door. "'Songs Without Words.' I wonder . . ."

sional man. Just now it was very white.

He shut the door and surveyed Ricco. What he saw seemed to reassure him.

"I'm in a bit of a mess," he said. "So I came to you. That man—Bellamy—I heard about you from him."

Ricco sighed. "Why didn't you see Bellamy, sir?"

The visitor made sundry clucking noises, leaned forward. "Because," he whispered, with the air of a man imparting a secret, "I detest Captain Bellamy. I may add, sir, I have good and personal reasons for doing so. Captain Bellamy is a fat pig and no gentleman."

Ricco said, "Oh." He was thinking: the damned, fighting slob. Doing three men's work, blustering, crazy-brave when the danger came. And too pig-headed, stubborn to do the hard thing—keep peace with the right people. Making enemies, antagonizing the men who hired and fired.

Ricco said, "Let's have the grief. Begin at the beginning. For instance, who are you?"

The thin man smiled wanly. "Bleakney. Doctor Bleakney's my name. Some months ago," he continued, "I found a newspaper clipping in my mail. Sort of a crazy thing. About the discovery of a corpse in the river. I recognized the name as that of a man who used to be an intern at Bellevue when I was there. I reported it here."

He frowned. "Bellamy told me to for-

get it. Said hundreds of crank notes are mailed every day. We—he got rather abusive. I left.

"A week ago I got another clipping. This time about a woman's death. Quite a widely discussed case, I understand. They called it the wax-doll murder." He leaned forward solemnly. "There was more, this time, in the envelope. With the clipping—"

Ricco said, "I know. This time there was a piece of music."

Dr. Bleakney gulped. "My word!" he said faintly.

"Your death note," said Ricco Maguire. In his black eyes a lambent flame had kindled. He said, "And that was a week ago?" For six days he and Bellamy had combed Manhattan for a single thread of information.

"Precisely," Bleakney said primly, "and except for one thing I'd never have bothered you. Only—"

He handed Maguire a piece of music.

Ricco fitted it mechanically to the torn edge of the paper the wax lady had clutched in death. It fitted, note against note, stave against stave. He grunted, pulled the desk lamp closer, saw the writing in the corner. A date scrawled in ink the color of fresh-spilled blood. December tenth. His eyes sought the date on the tabloid on his desk.

"That," said Dr. Bleakney, "is why I had to come back here. Today is the tenth

ADVENTURE MAGAZINE



"I think he's a lot more interested than he lets on."

CHAPTER TWO

A MOMENT later the visitor entered. A middleaged man, who bore his leanness erectly. His face was austere, alert, the face of a retired soldier or a profes-

DO YOU KNOW YOUR BOXERS?

Can you match them up correctly—the heavyweight boxers, with the years in which they “reigned” as champions of their class? 12 correct answers is passing; 13-to-16 good; 17-18 excellent. Answers on page 72.

- | | |
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| 1. GENE TUNNEY | (a) 1937 — 1949 |
| 2. JACK JOHNSON | (b) 1915 — 1919 |
| 3. JAMES BRADDOCK | (c) 1892 — 1897 |
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| 18. PRIMO CARNERA | (r) 1897 — 1899 |

by JOSEPH C. STACEY

of December. I—I haven't been sleeping well lately."

Suddenly his austerity and pomp fell like a cast-off mask, and left a pale, troubled man. "I'm scared," he said simply.

"You should be," said Maguire.

"Don't misunderstand me." The doctor stiffened, not without a certain dignity. "I'm no hero. But I'm getting along. I wish that murdering devil knew how little I dreaded death, as such. Death's an old story, Sergeant, to a doctor. Only," he pulled at his mustache—"there's a girl. A young girl I'm fool enough to be very fond of. I'm not anxious for the curtain call yet."

Ricco stood up. "Doc, you were crazy to stall around on a thing like this, even if you did get a bum steer the first time you saw us. In a way, without meaning to, you've put us in a bad hole. Now, the man mentioned in the first clipping turned out to be someone you once knew. That wasn't just a coincidence, if I know anything. Chances are, this wax-doll lady, being tied up with you, too, must be someone you can recognize and identify. Hop into that coat. It's heading for the morgue we are, fast."

Ten minutes later they stood beside a cold slab. On the slab lay something covered by a sheet.

Without any hesitation the surgeon pulled down the cloth, gazed on the ravaged features of the gray lady. Suddenly he hit his forehead with his clenched fist.

"My God, Peters!" he said dully to the gray lady. And, turning to the sergeant, "I begin to get the picture, sir. I—I haven't seen Peters for fifteen years, but I murdered her last Sunday night!"

RICCO Pasquale Maguire was no ordinary shamus. In looks he was an old man. But if you got close enough to him to see past the gray hair and the ravaged look of his eyes you would be looking at the face of a man of thirty. Ricco Maguire was, in fact, thirty. But his hair had turned gray in a single night—the night they paged him at a Plaza dinner dance to gaze for the last time on the face of his murdered mother.

Terry Maguire, his father, had been wealthy, and full of the joy of living as only an Irishman can be. And as ready to fight for the love of fighting or to settle for a round of drinks.

Then, one night, Terry met Rosa De Lisa. He met her on the ebb of a roistering brawl which began in the Waldorf and ended in a dirty side street just off Chinatown. When he saw her he went strangely and completely sober, and as soon as the City Hall opened in the morning they were married.

Ricco Pasquale Maguire had been the only child of that union. A curious-looking child, with a square Irish chin and fair features, topped off by the blackest eyes north of Sicily.

Ever since Ricco could remember, his

mother had carried her East Side birthplace in her thoughts, had kept, with her joy of new wealth, a fervor to use much of it to help old and poorer friends. Which was why she made weekly charitable visits to the narrow, dark streets of her youth. And which was most certainly why, one day, a cold-eyed young punk had crept from under the arch of Brooklyn Bridge to wait for her in an alley off the Bowery and take her purse and beat her to death in the taking.

FROM that day Ricco Maguire took upon himself a holy mission. Just what it was he probably couldn't define, even after he, a millionaire in his own right, had taken police examinations and on his merits had reached the homicide squad in four years.

So, being what he was, Ricco Maguire had neither handcuffed Dr. Bleakney nor called the psychopathic ward when that distraut man had shouted that he had murdered the wax-doll lady. Instead, he had set his square jaw and let his black eyes narrow very slightly. He said, "I want some more information, Doc."

"Peters," said Dr. Bleakney, again seated in Maguire's office, "was a nurse at Bellevue. A damned good one. She was that rare kind that would work extra hours and wear herself to a frazzle and not tell anyone about it. It was back in nineteen seventeen, as I recall—"

Ricco Maguire said, "About this wax-doll murder now—"

But the doctor waved a hand peremptorily. "One day, back in seventeen, I was in charge of the emergency ward. The flu was on us like a scourge and we had been working like dogs. Peters, as usual, the most. She, I later discovered, was running a temperature herself and should have been in bed. But she wouldn't quit."

"A stretcher case came in. It was a young fellow, about thirty, who'd been in an auto crash. Not serious, but his head had been snapped forward by the collision, and he had jolted his chin against the wheel. The blow had caused him to bite his tongue nearly off. It wasn't as bad as it sounds. I could stitch the thing back on, since it was hanging by a thin shred of tissue. The patient was fully conscious, of course. And he was crying. I was a little sharp, gave him hell for being such a baby."

"His sister was with him. She was carrying on, yelling. You know how these damned Latins are. Er—yes, quite. Anyhow, after a time she got a grip on herself and explained what the grief was all about. Her brother, the injured man, was a wonderful singer, she said. San Carlo, Covent Garden—he's been through the mill. He was angling for a Metropolitan contract. He thought, you see, he was losing his tongue, that he'd never be able to sing again. That's why he was crying. He was saying good-bye to music, his life."

"I laughed at him, told him we'd have him back on the stage in a month, shot a

hypo in him to calm him, and told Peters to prepare him for the operation. Then I went into my office to get aseptic, leaving him alone with a new intern and Peters, who was herself a walking hospital case.

"When I came out to operate, something seemed wrong, something I couldn't place. I made the preliminary sutures, took off the clamps, picked up the tongue to join it to the oral muscle. It wasn't the right color. Awful, dead-looking. Then I looked at Peters, and I saw what she had done, and I knew.

"Living tissue, you see, can be made aseptic by certain things. It can be made sterile by others. And in her added state Peters had somehow laved the wound with the wrong stuff. The tongue of my crying friend was a tongue no longer. Just a hunk of sterile, dead flesh.

"I went sort of crazy for a minute. I caught myself up, but not before the patient heard me yell at Peters, and had heard what I said. There was only one thing to do. I put him under complete anaesthesia, pressed his eyes closed so I didn't have to look at them, and did the only thing left. I cut off the tongue which a tired, sick nurse had robbed of the thing that made it live.

"Hell broke when I made my report to the chief of staff. I was fair, but you can't excuse a thing like that. Anyway, Peters was fired. Disgraced. Done for.

"I never saw Peters again until I found her under that sheet. On a slab."

Ricco Maguire said, "You've helped us no end, Doc. When our murdering friend comes for his third trophy, he's due for hell on a raft. Captain Bellamy'll—"

"Not Bellamy!" the doctor fairly bleated. "I—there are reasons. Personal reasons. I can't allow you, sir—"

"Sorry," Ricco Maguire soothed, "this isn't any time for nice social distinctions. When there's this kind of work, sir, they don't send out the contact boys and the glad-hand artists. They send Bellamy."

Bleakney put on his gloves. He looked as though he wanted to be sick. As though he hadn't heard anything. He scribbled hurriedly on a card, handed it to Ricco.

"When—if I get killed," he said, "please go to this address and ask for—for Doc Bleakney's fiancée. I'd like—a gentleman to break the news to her. Not a pig."

Ricco looked at the card, laughed, and sent two of the boys to escort the doctor to the hospital, telling them that Bellamy would arrive later to take charge.

BUT after Bleakney had departed, Ricco Maguire breathed, "Mama mia!" and scowled at the dirty wall. A poor, mad, homicidal fiend. A singer with a mute voice in him, a throat with imprisoned glory rotting within, a man who, when he curses his fate, hears only horrible, inarticulate squawks come from the botched mess three people had made of his mouth. Yes, Ricco could understand how such a man could go mad, go looking for the thing he called "Consolation."

He dialed Captain Bellamy. "We have a hot lead," he murmured into the phone,



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CHAPTER THREE

AT THREE-FIFTEEN Patrolman Gannon, on desk duty, poked his head into Maguire's office.

"Sarge," he said, "I thought I heard a drunk sounding off."

The man at the desk looked up. His eyes were black puddles of fatigue. "Curious," said Ricco Maguire. "Come in. Any news from Bellamy?"

"He's swearing like hell because you're sitting here, but he's got Bleakney's place covered like a blanket," Gannon said. "I'd hate to be the wax-doll killer when Pat Bellamy gets his mitts on him."

"That noise you heard," said Ricco, "was me. I've been singing for five hours."

"Yes, Sarge," Gannon lost his aplomb and his color. "'Course, in that case—"

"Fine, grand music it is," said Ricco soberly. "No tune to be murdered by, but two people were. It's called 'Consolation.' I'll render it now to you." Unsmiling, he hummed the themes found on the first two victims.

"Maybe," said Gannon helpfully, "you got a cold."

"You see," said Ricco Maguire, "those musical phrases are all we know about two murders. They are threats to kill. Threats which ended with a man and a woman dead in the morgue. Now, Gannon, you're a bright lad with a fine future. I want you to tell me what's wrong with this passage, the third threat, which is due to be consummated before midnight tonight." He sang it.

"I think," opined Gannon sagely, "you're flat and hoarse-like."

Ricco Maguire looked unhappy. "My

old man could hear the banshee wail," he said, "but maybe I'm just a nut. That ending doesn't sound like another wax-doll murder to me. It's grander music than the rest," Ricco said. "It's the sun after the moon has been shining. Remember, the man who sent those notes knows his music. And in those notes he says what he's going to do."

"Bellamy'll get him," said Gannon.

Ricco stood up. "Don't you see?" he cried. "This is the climax of the poor, daft fellow's revenge! His final masterpiece. And Bleakney said to me, 'I'm old. I'm not afraid to die.' What good's it going to do the wax-doll man, where's the passion and the fire of that music, bumping off an old, tired man—who isn't afraid of death?"

"I saw a movie like that once," said Gannon brightly. "A guy was going to kill the heroine's old man. But then he said no. I'll make him suffer through the ages. That was the caption. So instead of killing the old coot, he went chasing after the girl."

Ricco Maguire looked up. The weariness sloughed from his eyes. "Suffer through the ages," he said. "Suffer a million deaths, remembering how his loved one died. Yes, that's the kind of music—"

He smiled. "Some day, Gannon," he said, "you'll be a fine copper like Bellamy." He took out the card Dr. Bleakney had given him. It said: *The Mott Mission, 27 Mott Street.*

"I'm going downtown," he said "to find a girl, to save—maybe—a girl's life."

"Sarge," Gannon said, "Bellamy's kind of touchy about—"

"What do you think Bellamy would do if he should hear that this wax-doll killer was alone with his victim?" Ricco Maguire said. "Cornered, maybe, holding the victim as hostage?"

"The victim?" Gannon grunted. "Hell! Bellamy'd get the killer wouldn't he?"

"A good cop you'll be, like Bellamy," said Ricco Maguire. "Reminds me of a general in the war. He could wipe out a German trench, could that general, but for one thing. There was a handful of doughboys there, fighting hand to hand with those Germans. Only a few, though, and a hell of a lot of Germans. So he blasted the whole lot to hell."

"That's the way Bellamy works," chanted Gannon.

"A medal he got, and he saved the day," said Ricco Maguire. "But they sent him home to Plattsburg, so's he wouldn't get shot in the back. Some people don't like to see their own kind killed."

IF I'm right, Gannon, a girl may be in that fix. Bleakney's sweetheart., she is. I don't even know her name. But she's on our side. Like the handful of doughboys. I'm going to do this alone."

"Bellamy hates Bleakney," Gannon said. "I wonder why."

"Listen," said Ricco. "I'm going hunting for that girl. If I find her and if she's in danger, I'll call you, tell you where I am. I want you to skip regulations, Gannon. I don't want Bellamy to know."

"Huh?" said the bewildered Gannon.

"Not for thirty minutes after my first call," said Maguire. "But if I don't call you again in thirty minutes, get Bellamy and the squad. Let the big slug crash through then, and to hell with the torpedoes. Because," he added quietly, "if I don't call you that second time, I'm going to need Bellamy—bad!"

The Mott Mission was hot and it stank. At the door an old man set aside a dog-eared book and smiled toothlessly.

"You Mr. Mendelsohn?" he croaked.

Ricco shook his head and made for the fat woman who seemed to be in charge.

"Where can I reach Dr. Bleakney's fiancée?" he inquired.

The woman squinted up, pushed back her hair. "I wish I knew," she said resignedly. "She's the only one who can keep these flop artists in order. She left here half an hour ago. An old man was taken sick upstairs, and she said she was going to help him home—"

She gave a little cry of alarm when Ricco grabbed her arm. Silently, he showed her his shield.

She looked surprised. "Why—why, I do hope there's nothing wrong?"

"Where does the old man live?"

The custodian looked relieved. "I knew it couldn't be her you was after. She's kind of tops around here. No, I never saw the old man before. Just another bum. She was teaching him the sign language. He was deaf and dumb."

Ricco swore softly. So he had guessed right, five hours too late! The man without a tongue had been here, in this room. And now the wax-doll killer was gone!

Someone tugged at his coat. It was the studious oldster. When Ricco whirled around he sighed disappointedly.

"Excuse it," he wheezed. "I didn't recognize you from the back. I thought you might be Mr. Mendelsohn."



"Shall we join the ladies?"

Undoubtedly the girl was dead by now. Ricco whistled between his teeth — it was a girl's dreadful requiem—the last passionate bars of the song called "Consolation."

He went to the door, had it half open when the thought came. Or was it the banshee wail? His dash to the desk in the corner made the goggle-eyed custodian duck in alarm.

"Say," cried Ricco Maguire. "For sure, I am Mr. Mendelsohn!"

It was insane, but so was the creature Ricco trailed. Insane enough to strew his path on previous killings with taunting, musical clues. This might be another. Why not? The theme song of his revenge, the piece called "Consolation," had been written by Felix Mendelsohn.

"I'm your man," said Ricco Maguire. "Why?"

The ancient sighed, relieved. "Oh. When the girl—we boys call her our girl—when she went out with some old fellow, she said to him, 'If you want to leave word for anyone, Ike here is the man to leave it with.'"

"The man with her made some waves with his hands. He was a dummy. Such faces he made at her. Then she turned to me and said, 'He tells me the only one who will ever want to see him is Mr. Mendelsohn, but he guesses he's going to be too late, as usual.' She gave me a quarter and said, 'The poor man. If his friend comes tell him he's sick.' Then she went with him in a taxi."

Ricco looked down the dirty street hopelessly. He said tightly, "Know where they went?"

Toothless raised mangy brows. "Naw. How'd I know?" Then, as Ricco started for the car, "But your pal, I can tell you about him. He lives on the corner of Barrow and Hudson, over a delicatessen."

The motor roared into sudden life.

THE bell button gave suddenly when he rang, standing at the door of the apartment above the delicatessen. The bell made no sound within. He tried the lock, and the latch clicked under his hand.

Inside, silence pressed like a vast blanket of doom. And from its depths, a stirring, the sense that in the black was breathing and the pad of groping, searching steps

The butt of the Police Positive was cold to his fingers. He froze, felt the wall, pressed the strap of his shoulder holster. He began to wonder whether Bellamy's ways were not, after all, the better. To go in there might be throwing live flesh after dead. Still Gannon, at the station, would give Ricco a half hour. If the girl was inside, alive, alone with the wax-doll killer, Bellamy's siren-screaming charge would seal her death warrant. Bellamy wouldn't risk losing the wax-doll killer to save Doc Bleakney's girl.

The steps came down from above, hesitated by the door, moved closer. They came so near that Ricco pulled the gun close to his side lest it touch the thing he could not see. But the steps came on.

Bass Fishermen will Say I'm Crazy . . . until they try my method!

But, after an honest trial, if you're at all like the other men to whom I've told my strange plan, you'll guard it with your last breath.

Don't jump at conclusions. I'm not a manufacturer of any fancy new lure. I have no reels or lines to sell. I'm a professional man and make a good living in my profession. But my all-absorbing hobby is fishing. And, quite by accident, I've discovered how to go to waters that everyone else says are fished out and come in with a limit catch of the biggest bass that you ever saw. The savage old bass that got so big, because they were "wise" to every ordinary way of fishing.

This METHOD is NOT spinning, trolling, casting, fly fishing, trot line fishing, set line fishing, hand line fishing, live bait fishing, jugging, netting, trapping, seining, and does not even faintly resemble any of these standard methods of fishing. No live bait or prepared bait is used. You can carry all of the equipment you need in one hand.

The whole method can be learned in twenty minutes—twenty minutes of fascinating reading. All the extra equipment you need, you can buy locally at a cost of less than a dollar. Yet with it, you can come in after an hour or two of the greatest excitement of your life, with a stringer full. Not one or two miserable 12 or 14 inch over-sized keepers—but five or six real beauties with real poundage behind them. The kind that don't need a word of explanation of the professional skill of the man who caught them. Absolutely legal, too—in every state.

This amazing method was developed by a little group of professional fishermen. Though they are public guides, they rarely divulge their method to their patrons. They use it only when fishing for their own tables. It is probable that no man on your waters has ever seen it, ever heard of it, or ever used it. And when you have given it the first trial, you will be as closed-mouthed as a man who has suddenly discovered

a gold mine. Because with this method you can fish within a hundred feet of the best fishermen in the county and pull in ferocious big ones while they come home empty handed. No special skill is required. The method is just as deadly in the hands of a novice as in the hands of an old timer. My method will be disclosed only to those few men in each area who will give me their word of honor not to give the method to anyone else.

Send me your name. Let me tell you how you can try out this deadly method of bringing in big bass from your "fished out" waters. Let me tell you why I let you try out my unusual method for the whole fishing season without risking a penny of your money. Send your name for details of my money-back trial offer. There is no charge for this information, now or at any other time. Just your name is all I need. But I guarantee that the information I send you will make you a complete skeptic—until you decide to try my method! And then, your own catches will fill you with disbelief. Send your name, today. This will be fun.

ERIC G. FARE, Libertyville 1, Illinois

Eric G. Fare, Libertyville 1, Illinois

Dear Mr. Fare: Send me complete information without any charge and without the slightest obligation. Tell me how I can learn your method of catching big bass from "fished out" waters, even when the old timers are reporting "No Luck."

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Something brushed by him; he felt the swish of it. And as he set himself to leap, it moved into the thin beam of light that came through the door.

"I'm so terribly sorry," said a sick-eyed girl. "I—please throw your gun on the floor."

Ricco Maguire sucked in his breath.

"You will," repeated the girl, in a dead, flat voice, "throw your gun on the floor. You will remove the second gun from your shoulder holster. You will kick it across the carpet. You will do this at once or my brains will splatter your fine clothes."

Then Ricco saw the two little eyes that peered beadily over the girl's shoulder. And the white of her half-inclined head, watching the brown flipper hand at her right shoulder. In that hand showed the glint of a gun, pressed to her temple.

Ricco dropped the guns as directed. "You're Doc Bleakney's girl, I judge," he said. "Tell that zombie to step out from behind you. He ought to feel safe enough now, with your own hands tied behind your back."

The girl nodded bitterly. "You and I are going to catch hell, Ricco Maguire," she said. "There's no chance for us. I know. I'm Pat Bellamy's daughter."

Something like a chuckle came from behind the girl. The hands gyrated, half covering her face.

She stammered, a little breathlessly, "He says, 'Salute!' He didn't think the

police had anyone who could read his message. He congratulates you. He found pleasure in the little game. But he's bored by it now. He says you can go or stay, unharmed. But—but if you go, when the door closes behind you—I'll die."

"He" says, if you stay for the—the finale—I will live, and live, and live. . . . Oh, I don't know what he means. . . . He's saying it over and over with his fingers and shaking from laughter. I—"

The hand moved peremptorily, gun shining as it spun with the dumb message. She stepped fearfully backward, into the deeper gloom.

Ricco drew a deep breath. Never, he thought, could a man be made more ridiculous. For Bellamy's kid to be watching him, Ricco Pasquale Maguire, helpless, like a schoolboy.

Just before Helen stepped out of his vision, her eyes widened, left the hands. If the kid got crazy, made a break, with that devil . . . "Your dad's on the way," he called to her. And to the shadow behind, "I can't—seem to find you."

It was the glint of the gun he sought. That and the white of the girl's face. If the gun were away from Helen's head he'd jump. The only way. Ricco could imagine the torture threatened by that "live, and live, and live."

He stepped into the dark. The white was ahead. And the gun was low, no longer near the girl. Ricco felt his back muscles creep. He said, "Are you there?"



walking up carelessly. "I can't find you in the dark, but I will, soon as I—"

He dove and taloned for the gun.

Even as he left his feet, Helen screamed. In that slice of a second, Ricco knew. The white was not Helen's face. The scream had been far to the side. And the gun—there was no gun! He sensed it as the shadow he sprang for left its feet as he leaped, as it came hurtling to meet his dive. Knew it as glass cracked and smashed against his head, and he fell stunned beneath the shattered wall mirror. Not until then did he see the real gun. It was waving crazily above him. He gave a sick lurch at it, heard, from a vast distance, his own voice yelling. Then there was nothing but the shock of steel against his head, and then blackness.

He opened his eyes into tomb-like darkness, peopled with little rustlings and the sound of shuffling steps. As his faculties returned, he perceived that he was seated, bound hand and foot to a chair.

Only a half hour he had before Pat Bellamy would pound at the door, make the noise that would fire a gun against his daughter's head.

"Where's Helen Bellamy?" Ricco yelled.

There was a silence for a moment. Then, from some distance there was the sound of chuckling, long-drawn paroxysms. No man, he felt, had ever laughed like that, yet the chuckling came from a man's throat.

The steps had paused at his cry. He heard the snap of a switch, and the light came on. And Maguire saw her.

She was writhing, helpless, in a chair not an arm's-length away. Tight-lashed cords held her down. Adhesive tape had been wound over her face. Holes had been cut in the tape; through them he could see her eyes roll sidewise. There was, doubtless, a slit through which she could breathe, for her chest rose and fell and strained against the rope.

But it was not these things that made Ricco Maguire's flesh creep. It was the

fact that in that swathed, mummy-like face there was no mouth, no lips—yet from it hung a human tongue. On either side of it, like malformed jawbones, steel clamps savagely pinched and held the tongue, so that it could not be withdrawn into the slit in the tape through which it protruded.

CHAPTER FOUR

THE EYES, Ricco saw, were straining around to his, scared, questioning.

He said, "Steady, Helen." The eyes widened and clouded with moisture.

Ricco Maguire looked for a clock. If Bellamy broke in now he'd sign his daughter's death warrant.

How much of that half hour still remained?

He saw that they were in a shabby, ill-tended room. Evidently a combined eating and sleeping place. A gas range, flanked with rust, stood behind the girl, and a couch lay against the wall.

Then he heard the voice. It came from the adjacent room. Throaty, sonorous, half intelligible, like the voice of an actor heard from the lobby of a playhouse, when the meaning of the words is incomprehensible.

At first the voice spoke alone. Nothing answered but the sound of Helen's muffled breathing. As the voice reached a higher pitch, impatient, cajoling, little scurring sounds answered it, the sounds of frantic animal twitterings. Then the voice laughed and Ricco saw the shadow that darkened across the threshold.

The wax-doll murderer blinked owlishly in at them, one bony hand half raised, the other bearing a wire basket—heavy, from the way the weight slanted his body sidewise.

He was fifty—or eighty. Dripping wet, he might tilt a hundred pounds. His head would have been a skull, if skin were not over the bone. His neck disappeared under the jut of his jaw until it seemed

there could be no room for a throat. And billowing loosely around him, flopping before and behind, hung a faded opera costume. It was the motley of Pagliacci! Pagliacci, the clown!

HE set the cage on the stove and inspected his prisoners, little eyes darting suspiciously over their bonds. Then, clucking with satisfaction, he stood, arms akimbo, in front of Ricco's chair and spoke.

There weren't any words. Ricco shrugged impotently.

The murderer in a clown's costume wagged his head, hopped to a chair, repeated a query slowly, a dozen times. No malice here, only an infinite hunger to be understood.

"Oo owe usich?" it sounded like.

Ricco listened, closed his eyes to shut out the face. The singsong voice repeated it, interminably.

Out of the rhythm, which was language and yet was not, the speech patterns came clearer to Ricco. It was only the vowel sounds he heard. The hard consonants were lacking in that strange speech. He listened, supplied consonants in his mind.

"Oh, sure, I know music," said Ricco Maguire. "If you'll take off these damned cords, I'll—"

The creature chirped in satisfaction, darted back into the other room and emerged dragging a massive phonograph. He leaned solicitously over it, making minute adjustments, then selected a twelve-inch record, primed an adjuster, evidently a repeating mechanism, and plugged in a cord.

The wax-doll killer fumbled beneath his robes, drew out something that glinted metallically in the gloom. A pair of scissors.

On the wire basket was a lock. He unfastened it. As he did so, the frantic twittering, which had died down, broke out afresh. And the lid of the basket jerked up and down, and shook to the scurrying of little, rasping feet.

Dispassionately he fastened a piece of twine to the handle of the basket, fingers gingerly wary of the unseen contents. Then, holding the rest of the twine in his hand he sidled away from it, playing out the cord, until he had reached Helen Bellamy's side.

Ricco heard a quick snip of the scissors and a choked scream. And when the creature stepped back again, Ricco saw that a little drop of blood hung on the end of the girl's protruding tongue.

Blood! It seemed to charge the room with some elixir. From the basket came a craving, twittering sound as old as the first mammal—who ate lest he himself might die.

The voweless voice said:

"Three there were. Now only one. You know what they did to me?"

Ricco nodded. "But this girl was not to blame. The others—yes. This girl—surely you won't make her suffer for what they—"



"Yes." The creature preened himself complacently.

He went to the phonograph, started the record. "After the aria," he said, "you'll see I kept my promise. About her living and living. I'll die—after I pull the string and take a little powder. The little beasts in the basket are so hungry, you see. But never fear, they can't kill her. All they can eat is her little pink tongue. Like the one her lover stole from me."

Then Ricco understood. He screamed incoherent things in two languages at the man without a tongue. The madman postured, beat his thin breast and protested, justified himself, and into the clamor slid the music of a world-famous orchestra.

And shattering the horror came the aria from "Pagliacci."

"Laugh, poor clown, while your heart is breaking . . ."

There weren't any words. A madman, telling of the ghastly surgical blunder that had taken away his hope, his future.

There were not any words, yet he sustained the tremendous, mighty climax of the music, rising on the point of his toes, finished with the dying chord. Postured in a vague, blurred bow, stumbled, —and fell dead across the stove.

But in his death the wax-doll killer's pledge of life to his victims was horribly and unwittingly violated. As he staggered, his arms had jerked the cord; the netting over the basket came free. And from it eyes gleamed and tiny clawed feet scurried across the floor.

But besides, the man without a tongue, in falling, had caught a sleeve on the stove. Not much, but enough to turn a gas jet full around. The cloying deadly sweetness of gas came to Ricco's nostrils.

"Helen," implored Ricco, "for the love of God, girl, don't faint!"

At his shout she stirred.

"I'm coming over there, but it'll take awhile," he encouraged. "Breathe easy, and keep your head moving!"

It was then he saw the thing that squeaked and crawled upon her lap.

It was a rat. A rat so emaciated he hardly knew what it was, a living skeleton, so enfeebled that it crept uncertainly on tottering gray sticks of legs. It looked like some gaunt, plucked bird. Yet there was some life in it; with its fellows it groped toward the scent of the life fluid its empty veins craved, the blood that dripped from the wounded tongue.

If Bellamy didn't come soon. Bellamy had to come—

RICCO scraped the chair forward, his head spinning. The gray rats scurried, a-twitter, before him. On the floor beneath the girl they fought for the drops that had come from her lacerated tongue. And above it, on her dress, a trail of it led to the swathed face with the protruding tongue. After a minute three of them were squeaking and fighting on the trail.

His chair was next to hers. How long it had taken, he could not know. Con-

sciousness was ebbing and returning in dark, circling mists. He struggled through a black wave, gasped:

"I'm going to fall across your chair. Hold your head over me! And fight it off now, or—"

He wrenched himself forward, and to the side, felt the chair teeter and carry him down.

Thank God he had judged the distance! His chair, holding him immovable, was aslant over Helen's lap.

THE blood dripped slowly from the nip the scissors had made in Helen's tongue. It fell on his arm. She was sluggish; he yelled savagely before she comprehended what he was saying. Then, at last, she moved her head; he could feel the warm drops on his bound wrists. Only a minute he dared stay.

Short as it was, that minute was going to be too long. Leadens, sleepy numbness pressed down on back and shoulders. He could not move the chair!

"Can-you-tip it?"

He could feel Helen's body stiffen against his head. Helping him. Two half-conscious automatons, straining against a weight a child could topple. And then he fell.

On the floor the gas was not as overpowering. He was conscious of a light, rasping weight on his hand; something slid away, piping shrilly. A foot from him, tiny eyes, wary, predatory, wavered between two trails.

The bolder, more active fellows had clung to Helen's garments. The weaklings, worsted in the fight, and too far gone to jump upward, were on the floor. Could they scent the blood on his wrists?

Helen's head was moving, but jerkily, more slowly. One, the largest of the rats, had reached her shoulder. Beneath her, holding still, Ricco felt the first nibble at his wrists. And with it came the mental flash that the girl's head, stricken eyes glassy, had fallen forward . . .

Ricco lost the count of time. Nothing remained but the black waves and the faint pinprick of claws that kicked and fought and ran over his bound hands.

He flung himself athwart the chair, getting all the traction of his back and legs against the lever of the wood. Strained until his own blood ran with the girl's over his lacerated wrists, and he saw his arms break free.

Bellamy saw them a block away, and his bellow dwarfed the siren. The two heads that propped grotesquely out of a smashed window. Ricco Maguire and the swathed mummy face, tongue sticking out at the crowd that gaped below.

"Them two'll pull through," hazarded the intern as the stretchers got shoved in the ambulance. "Kind of sacrilegious, that damned music playing in there where that guy died."

It waited above him, long after Ricco Maguire and Helen Bellamy were revived at the hospital. Music which seemed to search for a tongue to frame the words: poor Pagliacci. ■ ■

MEN PAST 40

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bearded, and a superb athlete. For his adventure in wholesale lovemaking—which was to occupy practically all of his adult life—he chose his magnificent, gleaming white fortress-palace in the lush and palm-dotted oasis of Lahadj, about twenty miles from his capital city, Sana.

Abd el Karim inherited a sizable harem from his father, who died in 1918. It included 400 females which, the new sultan said, was a sufficient number for him, too. A generous and kindly man, he pensioned off all those who did not appeal to him personally—the vast majority of the lot—and started to build a new collection of 400 of his own choice.

As an aid to this project, he did not hesitate to employ the services of Arab *dilals* or slave traders. He also hired procurers in many other lands and placed almost unlimited funds at their disposal. As a result, he obtained the cream of the world's crop. They included the Ouled Nails and other North African types, exquisite Circassian blonds, and girls from

practically all the European and Asiatic countries. Abd el Karim liked variety.

The sultan's harem was a true prison, guarded by black and white eunuchs under the command of an Arab *aba* with the title of *kapu agbasi*, which means roughly "keeper of the keys." All the eunuchs had orders to punish the females at any time for violating the rules. These rules covered every item of behavior from personal cleanliness to jealousy, gossip, and insubordination. Since eunuchs are generally cruel, the punishments were frequent and severe. They ranged from beatings to clipping off the tips of ears.

The only women exempt from potential punishment were the sultan's mother and the four wives permitted him under Moslem law.

About a hundred white and black eunuchs were required to maintain discipline in this establishment. Eunuchs newly entering the sultan's service were carefully trained in their duties, and newly acquired odalisques were instructed in

all the mysteries of the art and techniques of love by female experts before being admitted to Abd el Karim's bedchamber.

Abd el Karim devised a curious method of summoning whatever woman he desired. For each odalisque he had a silken scarf made and embroidered with her name. These scarves, of various colors, were kept on a table in his bedchamber. When he desired a certain female, he would search through the scarves until he found the one identifying her and hand it to a eunuch, who in turn would deliver it to the houri. She would then quickly touch up her toilette, pin a water-lily—the Arabian "flower of love"—in her hair, and present herself to the sultan. Once inside the royal bedchamber, she put her scarf back with the rest, to remain there until the ruler desired her again.

When the sultan wanted to vary the monotony of his amour by a surprise, he picked a scarf without looking at it.

Many seraglio owners were far less amiable with their love slaves. Some were fiendishly cruel with them. Such a man was the mad Turkish sultan, Abdul Hamid II, who was ultimately exiled for his excesses and died in prison, a raving maniac, in 1918.

Because Hamid despised Mohammedan ways and fancied himself Westernized and a great empire builder, he dressed his women in the newest Paris creations and forbade them to wear veils.

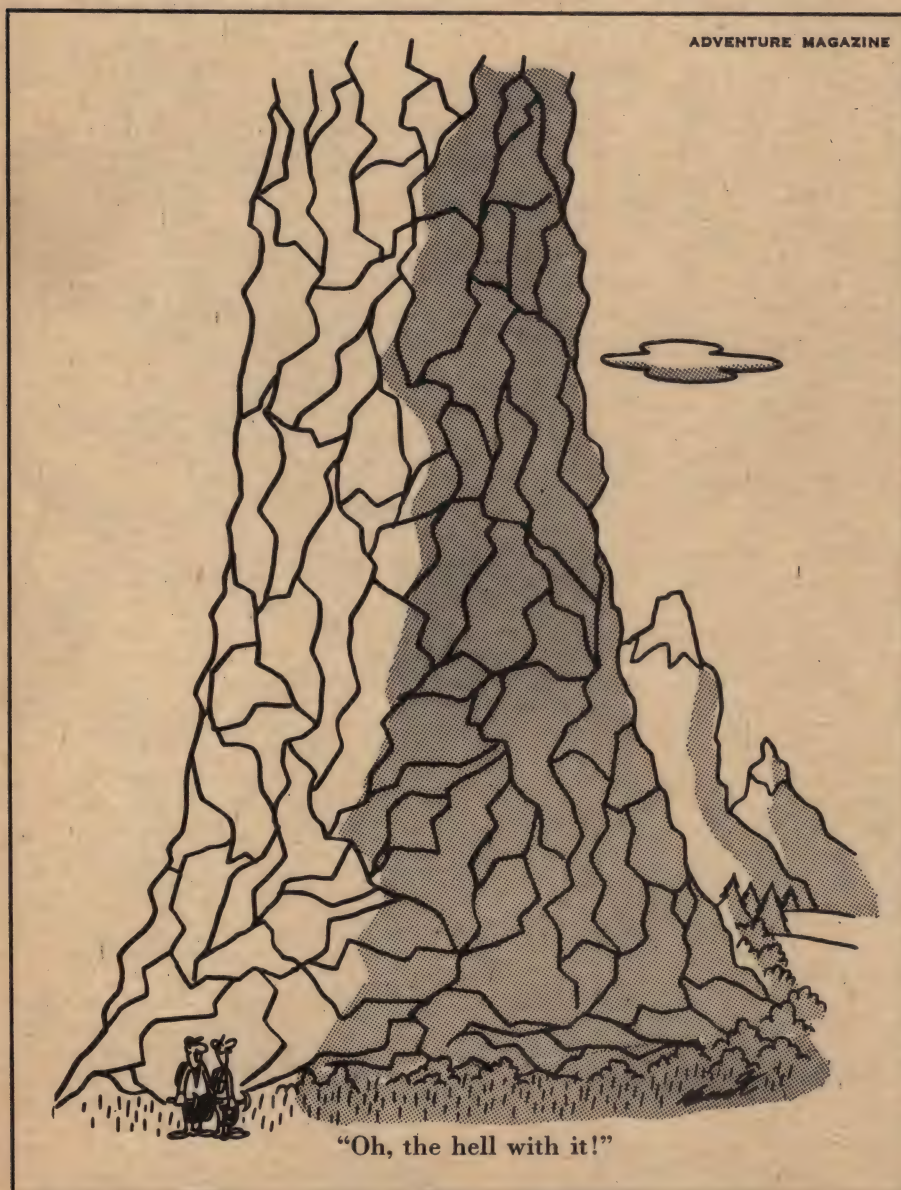
But their slavery was absolute. Many had been kidnaped outright, and they came from many lands. Escape was impossible; the harem was too efficiently guarded by giant Nubian eunuchs armed with scimitars and—an American touch—automatic pistols. Hamid liked to give the impression that his women were emancipated, and he had a fleet of carriages in which he allowed them to ride around outside the harem walls. But an armed eunuch always accompanied each girl, with orders to kill her instantly if she tried to escape or revealed her unhappiness to anyone.

How many of his harem Hamid personally killed is a well-guarded secret. The total was certainly high. It is known that he shot to death a fourteen-year-old girl with three quick shots after she irked him in some way. Another, aged seventeen, whom a procurer had kidnaped and brought to his harem, was cut to pieces by eunuchs under Hamid's command, after she had refused for three weeks to submit voluntarily to him.

Women over twenty did not arouse his lust, and many sex prisoners looked forward to reaching that age so he would no longer rape them.

Hamid took a queer joy in debasing the female sex. He often paraded his harem before his male guests—a humiliation in itself—and asked the men to take their pick for the night. On the following morning he would cast those women out to shift for themselves. They considered themselves lucky.

When Hamid was deposed by the "Young Turk" revolution of 1908, his



harem did not fare so well as did that of Abd el Karim after that sultan's death. Turkey was in turmoil, and no state funds were available to provide for the unwanted women. They merely walked out of the palace free, exquisitely garbed in their Paris gowns, but penniless. Some returned to their homes, but many who were beautiful and young, and trained in catering to the most perverted lusts, entered houses of prostitution. There they capitalized on their reputations as ex-wives of Abdul Hamid.

Even more vicious toward the female sex was Sultan Mulai Hafid of Morocco, who maintained as many as 700 women. Hafid liked to strip the veils off his women in the presence of men—a supreme humiliation. He also staged orgies at which he forced the girls to submit to any or all of the men present.

When a slave displeased him, the sultan had her stripped naked, tied hand and foot, and thrown into a scented pool. In some cases the victim was allowed to drown, but other hapless females were fished out of the water in the nick of time.

For one of his extravaganzas, Hafid had a stretch of railway track especially laid in his palace gardens. He placed two trains on it facing each other, loaded some of his women into the coaches, and then sent the trains hurtling toward each other full-throttle. The track was so arranged that the occupants of neither train could see the other train approaching until collision was inevitable.

But this grisly prank, which Hafid probably designed to kill a few women he didn't want and also entertain his guests, boomeranged when the horrified guests themselves shouted to the women to jump. They did so, and all survived, but suffered bruises and broken ankles and legs.

Even Hafid's political and business associates had little stomach for his company after that. The French ultimately stripped him of wealth, power, and most of his harem and exiled him, allowing him to take with him four wives. He died in obscurity in Belgium in 1937, one wife surviving him.

TODAY, the great harems filled with hundreds of women of all ranks from wife to odalisque are practically extinct, due to the rulers' gradual loss of power and the decline of their once-great fortunes. Nevertheless, there are still many harems where a score or more of women, all with the rank of quasi-wife, live together in reasonable harmony under one roof. This curious change has come about in recent years for two reasons, the one economic and the other arising from a loophole in Moslem law.

Despite the tendency toward the abolition of large harems in Islamic nations and the growing public disapproval of concubinage, numerous Moslems with the urge for variety, but little cash, satisfy their desires by marrying many more than four daughters of wealthy men. The fathers settle large dowries on the girls. This is done because, although the Koran limits the true believer to four wives at a time, a Moslem can terminate a marriage



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after as little as one hour through the *sege* divorce ritual. The quickly divorced wives remain in the harems, well provided for financially, in a state of dignity that lacks the onus of concubinage. Meanwhile, their lusty ex-spouses marry more well-heeled girls, bringing them home and adding them to the harem. This apparently works out fine for everybody. Rich fathers get rid of daughters they don't want, husbands acquire more women than they could otherwise afford, and everybody gets enough to eat.

How long this new harem system will last is anybody's guess, but the best prediction is not very long. Western ideas of female freedom spread insubordination among the Moslem women, who are no longer willing to wait for love until they are callously summoned. Like the veil, the harem system (even the new type) is waning in Islam. It may soon be superseded by the mistress system, which flourishes in France and other non-Islamic countries.

No discussion of harems would be complete without mentioning the practise that exists to this day among many African Negro peoples, such as the Pondos, one of the cattle-raising and agricultural Kaffir tribes in South Africa.

As among Islamic harem owners, the well-to-do Pondo men maintain numerous women who have a variety of ranks. But each woman has her own private domain into which no other female may enter without the owner's permission. This prevents the endless squabbles, jeal-

ousies, and perpetual lack of privacy so typical of Moslem harems.

In effect, the entire *kraal*, which consists of an open semi-circle of horseshoe-shaped wattle-and-mud huts, is one big harem. One of these huts is reserved for the exclusive use of the lord and master.

The hut next to his, on the right, belongs to the first woman he marries. She is known as his "right-hand wife." If she bears him a son and heir, she is also known as his "great wife," and she outranks all his other wives for life. However, she may fail and be barren, in which case the next woman he marries is installed in the hut to the left of his own and is known as his "left-hand wife." She may become his "great wife," if she produces an heir.

Ultimately his *kraal* may include the huts of any number of wives, stretching out around the open semi-circle to the right and left of his own hut. Any of these wives may be the "great wife." The *kraal* may also include huts of as many concubines as the man can afford. They are invariably unmarried girls or widows and rank below the wives.

With the growing emancipation of womankind everywhere, the harem system with its caged or semi-restrained females—though still flourishing in some places—is well on the way to becoming as obsolete as feudalism. This trend is all to the good, as every man who believes that women have the right to be more than mere property, will gladly agree. ■ ■

"Shorty's the best blacksmith I've seen."

"Aw, you know what I mean. You don't hardly expect a fellow his size to be no blacksmith."

"Yeah, but he's strong," Judson maintained. "Bet he could crack your neck with his bare hands."

"Seems like it takes something like this to get the old wagon fixed up. He made that brace for me six months ago and I been meanin' to fix her up but never had no need until now. Funny thing. Jeb always told me I oughta get this wagon fixed. Never know when you'll need it, he said."

"Well, we sure need it now, for Jeb."

Judson's eyes traveled to the long box resting on the wagon bed. It was a big box. Jeb had been a big man.

Benedict called to his wife in the house and he and Judson went out to the pump to wash up. When they had the team hitched up, Mary was sitting all stiff and starched in the seat ready to go. She was a buxom woman with smooth pink cheeks and crinkles at her eyes from much laughing. But now she was sober, as befitted the occasion. The three towheaded kids stood in the back holding to the seat.

THEY got down the road to Judson's, and he climbed in the back with his two boys while Mrs. Judson sat in the seat along with Mary and Benedict. Judson sat on the box and they got started again. They could see the town like a green oasis in the valley below them.

"Between you and me, Ben," Judson said after a while, "we've got to do something about him, like I said."

"Who?"

"Shorty."

Benedict continued to stare at the road between the bobbing heads of horses. "I don't know," he said. "Maybe."

"It stands to reason," Judson said. "He had plenty of cause."

"So did a lot of others."

"Yeah, but who else? Shorty's a funny bas—uh, fellow. Irritable. Stays to himself and never says nothin'. Sits up there in the hills in his blacksmith shop all by himself, and that ain't natural. Now, is it? Sure, he's a good blacksmith but that don't mean nothin' now. Them quiet kind is the ones you gotta watch. Jeb hit him and knocked him down in town yesterday. You know that. What more reason do you want? If you or me had a fight with Jeb it wouldn't mean anything a'tall, but Shorty, he's different. There's no two ways about it, Ben. He's the one."

"I don't know," said Benedict.

"You don't know a thing about it," Mary said earnestly.

"He's got a dirty streak in him. You can tell by looking at his pretty face," Judson went on. "A man like that shouldn't be running around loose. How do we know who'll be next? You never know when you're going to wake up dead because you looked at him cross-eyed, or something. It ain't safe for our wives and kids. And besides, Jeb was your

cousin. If the sheriff won't do nothin' we'll have to do it ourselves. It's our duty, the way I see it."

"You stay out of it, Ben," Mary said sharply. "You'll get yourself in trouble."

They arrived at the cemetery an hour ahead of everybody else. Benedict backed the wagon up to the grave which a couple of men from town had dug, and unhitched the horses. Mary and Judson's wife wandered among the old graves refreshing their memories on the epitaphs while Benedict and Judson sat on the fence talking. The kids played noisily together in the shade of a tree. A worried frown creased Mary's smooth forehead.

"There he comes now," Judson said. "Can you beat that. He's got nerve, like I say. The man's got no feeling a'tall."



A rider on a big rawboned horse approached from the road. He passed without speaking and went on to the hitching rail where he slid down and tied the horse. He was a little fellow dressed uncomfortably for the occasion in a heavy dark suit and black tie. From the back he looked like a dressed-up boy. There was a certain boyishness in his face, too, in the sensitive mouth and smoothly shaven chin, in the finely chiseled nose and deep gray eyes. "Too pretty," some called him, and distrusted him because of it. His thin face sloped downward from high cheekbones. There was a purple bruise on one of them.

Others were coming now and Shorty stood by the hitch rail fussing with his horse and taking a long time about inspecting the saddle girth.

At length Sheriff Hardesty took his position at the head of the grave. Since there was no preacher regularly in town, it was the sheriff who, by virtue of his position and gift of gab, was called upon to bury the dead. The sheriff threw away

his cigarette and looked at the others.

"Let's get this over with," he said. "Come on, Ben, and the rest of you. Hey, Shorty!"

Shorty came out from behind his horse and approached slowly. He hated the name, hated it more than anything else in the world, unless it was his diminutive size which caused every man, woman and child to call him by the name which to him was an epithet. Probably no one here even remembered that his first name was Lawrence. Shorty was what they called him, and he had run away from home because of it. Shorty was his name in the next town where he had taken up blacksmithing in defiance of his size and to prove that he was as big a man as anybody. Shorty he was here from the beginning.

They laughed at him behind his back. He was always the smallest man in any gathering and that set him apart as someone unlike other men. He could tell what they thought by the looks they gave him. So he had moved his shop up into the hills where at least he could be by himself and didn't have to see anyone except those who brought work—or like now.

Thirty men and women stood in a somber group around the hole which had been dug for Jeb Stewart, the big, bragging, dirty bully who had knocked him down yesterday, had been shot last night, and today was dead. These people hadn't come to the funeral to mourn Jeb Stewart. They might sympathize with his wife, although they ought to have held a celebration because she was rid of him. They had come because they thought it was the thing to do, just as it was the thing to laugh at a little fellow and to consider him as something less than a man because he hadn't grown so high or so broad as they. Even now he could feel the hostility about him.

Jeb's wife stood at the foot of the grave, a thin, pale woman with a work-lined face and tired eyes. She stared into the hole which shortly would receive all that remained of her husband, but no one could read the thoughts behind her expressionless face.

WE'RE gathered here together," Sheriff Hardesty said, "to bury Jeb Stewart. He was known to everyone of us here, and he'll be remembered. I'm not going to say much about Jeb because we all knew him well but the least you can say is that he lived a full life. He was shot down last night and whoever shot him is going to get punished. Nobody gets away with murder in my bailiwick. I got an idea who done it and I got an idea why. I'm taking the trail tomorrow morning and before the week is out I'll have the murderer in jail. I can promise you that."

"You won't have to go far, Sheriff," Judson said.

"Shut up, Judson," the sheriff said. "This is a buryin'."

"You can spit on the murderer from

where you stand," Benedict said. "Jeb's dead but we—"

"You be quiet, Ben." Sheriff Hardesty cleared his throat and went on: "Right now we're here to bury Jeb and it's only right that when we put away the last remains of the dead, we think of the living. Miz Stewart was not to blame for anything Jeb did and she has to go on living, and that takes money. When this is over I'm going to pass the hat for Miz Stewart and I expect everyone of you to put in more than you want to."

"Praise the Lord," said Mrs. Stewart.

"And now I want six strong men to take this box off the wagon and let it down slow in the hole." When the box rested at the bottom of the grave, the sheriff bowed his head. "Ashes to ashes and dust to dust," he intoned. "And may the Lord have mercy on your soul!"

While two men busied themselves with shovels, Sheriff Hardesty passed his hat around, frowning at the clinking of silver. Shorty dropped a bill in the hat and turned away. He tightened the cinch of his saddle and climbed aboard. As he rode off, the men were beginning to draw together in a compact group around Judson and Benedict.

It hadn't taken long. He was glad to be free of it again. A three-hour ride down from the mountains and a three-hour ride back, just for a few minutes at the burying. But it was something you had to do.

Shorty preferred to stay alone in his blacksmith shop. The trees around his place were big, bigger than anybody. Nobody expected you to be bigger than a tree. Nobody looked at you out of the corner of their eye and made comparisons as they did when you were down there among big men and you had to look up to everybody. They probably thought he was morose and unsociable because he always tried not to stand next to anybody so they couldn't see how small he was. But it didn't matter. It didn't make any difference to them either way.

The ground rose sharply and after a while he came into the shelter of the trees where a man could really be alone. He loved the silent woods. The stately pine and oak and tamarack seemed to gather him in, to welcome him to the brotherhood of solitude. They stood straight and majestic and strong.

When he arrived at the cabin he put the horses in the corral and went in and changed his clothes. Then he went to the little shop and got the fire going. The fire burned as hot for him, as for any man and he could swing the heavy hammer as easily as anybody. He took up a twisted iron rod and gently resumed molding it into shape.

It was a strange piece of artistry for a blacksmith, a graceful thing of sweeping curves and delicate form. Gradually it took the shape of a small limb of a tree with hammered leaves turning back upon itself to fashion a receptacle for a coal-oil lamp. His cabin was full of things like this, some of them fragile, some of them bold, all of them representing the release of an inner love of beauty. No one but himself had ever seen them.

It was late when he finished and went in and cooked a frugal supper. Afterward he sat in front of the cabin and listened to the small sounds of the forest. There was no moon and the trees leaned darkly against the starlight. The trees were quiet tonight, somberly quiet. A ponderous silence seemed to hang down to the ground, weighting the world. He shook off a feeling of foreboding, knowing it was because he had completed the lamp holder. He always felt let down when he finished a job. The high exultation of seeing stubborn iron form under his hands was past. Tomorrow he would start another, one that would take a long time, two months maybe, to complete. He began planning it, laying it out in his mind. Finally he gave up and went inside and sat by the table and closed his eyes.

A long time later a muffled tumult rose about him, crowding in like the sound of restless cattle. It was like gentle thunder, an unrhythmic beating, beating, and a creaking like the clumsy bow of an amateur fiddler and the fading sound of a far off dinner bell. He came awake and stood up, grinning a little at his imaginings. It was past time to go to bed. At the sound outside he stopped and turned his head sharply toward the door, listening, and when the knock came he walked slowly across the room and pulled it open.

The pale light of the lamp reached out and dimly revealed the face of Judson and beyond him, Benedict. A gun gleamed dully in Judson's hand. Shorty stood outlined in the doorway, a slight figure of a man, five feet three inches and weighing a hundred and twenty-eight pounds. He stepped out and closed the door behind him. No one had ever been in his cabin. No one had ever been invited.

"I expect you know why we're here," said Judson harshly.

"Why?" Shorty asked.

HE felt, more than saw, other riders silent in the clearing. How many he did not know. The darkness was heavy and clinging, pulsating with hostility.

"Jeb was a fine neighbor," Judson said. He spoke as though his teeth were about to chatter. "A good man. A good, hard-working man, and a friend of everybody. He's dead. You shot him last night. That's why we're here."

"I didn't kill Jeb."

"It won't do you no good to lie. We know you did. Jeb was as fine a man as you'll find in these parts and we ain't gonna let no crazy killer go hidin' in the woods to kill somebody else. Go get your horse."

"Jeb was a bully," Shorty said distinctly, "a big, stinkin', loud-mouthed bully. Threw his weight around and thought he was boss of the world. He sure needed killin' a long time ago, but I didn't do it."

"Here, enough of that," Judson said. "You talk that way because you had a fight with him yesterday and got licked good and plenty."

"It wasn't much of a fight," Shorty said bitterly. "I told him what I thought



"I was pickin' pansies in Belleau Wood"

PARALYZED, a handful of dirty, haggard Marines hugged the earth outside Lucy le Bocage as murderous German fire poured at them. And then they heard their little, middle-aged sergeant:

"Come on, you -----!
Do you want to live forever?"

That yell, and the charge that followed, made Sergeant Dan Daly famous. But when reporters later asked about his World War I decorations, he said: "I was out in Belleau Wood pickin' pansies for my girl one day. And the officers said: 'Let's give the poor guy a medal.' Well, sir, they give me the DSC . . ."

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HOW OLD IS THE CHICK?

TWO of the most important bits of information a fellow might like to get about his girl-friend are: (1) her real age, no foolin'; and (2) how much dough she's packing in that junk-laden catchall she lugs around.

Chances are that if you ask her point-blank for this information you'll get a runaround on both questions. When your doll hedges, the thing to do is to get her interested in a little mathematical game. If I know dames, I'd say she isn't hep to the idea of being tripped up by mathematics. And you can trip her—but good.

Let's see how it works out. Say she's twenty-five years old and has ninety-three cents in that grab bag. (It won't work on amounts of a dollar or more and ages of 100 or more, because we've got to come out with only four digits in the answer.)

Okay, ask your ladylove to multiply her age by two—in strict secrecy, of course. She notes down the number fifty.

Now ask her to add five to the number she has, and she notes down fifty-five.

Next, ask her to multiply the number she now has by fifty. It comes out 2,750 unless I am cock-eyed.

At this point, ask her to dig into that whimsy, count her change, and add the amount to the total. She now has a figure of 2,843.

Just to confuse her, ask her to subtract from the above amount the number of days in a year. That gives her a total of 2,478.

And finally—to completely mystify her—ask her to add 115.

"What is your total, darling?" you say at this point. Brightly she replies, "2593."

"All right," you say, "you are twenty-five years old and you have ninety-three cents in your purse." (The two left-hand digits have given you her age: the two right-hand digits have given you the sum of the cash in her purse.)

Try it on any gal from one to ninety-nine and with anywhere from one to ninety-nine cents in her poke. It never fails.

BY THORP McCLUSKY

of him about a certain matter and he hit me once and knocked me down."

"And because you couldn't lick him, you shot him," Judson said triumphantly.

"What's all this palaverin' about? What're you waiting for? He killed my husband! Ain't that enough?" The shrill voice from back in the gloom was that of a woman nearing hysteria.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Stewart," Shorty said. "I said I didn't kill Jeb and I meant it."

"We've had enough of this," Judson said gruffly. "You had a fight with Jeb yesterday. His body was found this morning in the hills not far from here with a hole in his head. You're the only one that would do it."

"There's something funny about a man that acts like you do, holes up in the hills and don't talk to nobody, won't look nobody in the eye, and skulks around like a dog with his tail between his legs. There's something wrong with a man when he acts like that. We don't want you around here. What we shoulda done is druv you over the hills a long time ago, but now it's too late. You've made your own bed and you're gonna lay in it."

"You can't kill a man here, one of our neighbors and kin to some of us. We know you done it even if the sheriff, the old fool, won't listen to sense and goes off on a wild-goose chase. Now go get your horse and we'll get this over with."

"Go on. Mind, now," said Benedict.

Judson pushed him roughly toward the corral. Shorty stumbled and then whirled upon Judson. The gun sailed through the air and Judson yelped with pain and staggered back. Shorty was upon him, his steel fingers at Judson's throat. They went down together, Judson's heavy body squirming convulsively.

"Don't push me," Shorty panted. "You can't push me, you big bastard. Just because you're bigger—"

Benedict was jerking at Shorty's arms and yelling for help. Others jammed in and dragged Shorty off. Judson rolled over on his side, coughing.

"He's a dangerous little rat," someone said. "If any of us were wondering before, now we know. You hold him and I'll get his horse."

HEAVY hands gripped Shorty's arms and shoulders. He stood with his head down. It was a bad thing to have done. He should never have done that to Judson. Not here. He had lost his head. A shadowy figure approached, leading Shorty's big horse. They tied Shorty's hands loosely behind him and lifted him into the saddle. "Over here!" someone yelled. "This is a good enough limb. He's just a little feller."

They led the horse in that direction and stopped under the oak in front of the blacksmith shop. It was a tall, gangly tree without much girth and the bottom limb was twenty feet above the ground. A rope was thrown over the limb and the noose hung down. Shorty had always had a particular affection for that tree; it seemed to try so hard to get big and strong like the others nearby, but all it did was grow tall.

He sat quietly on the horse and looked about at the dark figures of men, along with Mrs. Stewart who now was sobbing and blowing her nose. There must be fifteen of them here, he thought.

"Takes a lot of you to hang one little fellow like me," he said. They were all looking at him, crowding in close. Fear drained out of him and suddenly he was calm. It came to him with perfect clarity that this was his big moment. It was the highest pinnacle, the only high pinnacle, he ever had attained. All these people were looking at one person, him, and thinking of one person, him. Their attention was focussed on him to the exclusion of all else. No one, no matter how big, could have done more than that.

"Seems I got awful important all of a sudden," he said. "Just little me. It's not everybody who can get fifteen or twenty people out of bed and drag them off to a hanging. I didn't figure you people thought I was big enough or important enough to kill a man."

BILL Barclay rode up and dropped the noose over Shorty's head.

"I didn't kill Jeb," Shorty said. "Thanks for the compliment."

In the starlight he looked like a twelve-year-old-boy sitting on an oversized horse. Even at rest his muscles were like ropes running down his thin arms.

"Have you got the rope tied down good, Ames?" he said. "I'm a big man these days, you know. And who's going to whack my horse? You, Judson? You, Benedict? Better do a good job of it. I'm a dangerous killer, remember."

"Let me do it," Judson said. "I owe him something. Let's get this over with."

He raised the quirt in his hand. Shorty snapped his head back in the noose. When the horse leaped ahead Shorty slid over the horse's tail at the end of the taut rope. The friendly limb of the tree sagged obligingly and absorbed some of the jolt. Shorty swung like a pendulum.

There was a long moment in which the rest of the world stood still and then a horse reared and the rider fought it, cursing steadily in the darkness. A man coughed. There was a little scream which could have come from no one but Mrs. Stewart. Then heavy breathing. "Kind of makes you sick, don't it," someone said.

"Come on, we've done our duty. Let's get out of here," Judson said harshly and sent his horse at a gallop on the down trail. The others clattered after him willingly enough and in a few seconds the clearing was empty.

Shorty jerked his hands free and grasped the rope above his head. He lifted the noose and dropped to the ground where he collapsed and lay gasping.

After a while his breath came easier and the pain lessened in his jaws where the rope had been, and his constricted muscles began to lengthen out and relax.

Finally he got up and went into the house. He took the big rifle down from the hook and cleaned it carefully. He loaded the clip and slipped it into place. He pulled back the hammer and injected a cartridge into the chamber and

set the safety. Then he turned down the lamp flame and went outside.

The old horse had made straight for the corral and was now munching hay contentedly. Shorty climbed up and headed along the trail to the valley, holding the rifle in front of him.

The house nearest him was Benedict's and he could see the light in the window a long way off. "Still up," he muttered. "Conscience must be bothering him." He dismounted some distance back and crept toward the house on foot.

PEERING in at the window he saw Benedict slumped in a rocking chair staring into the fireplace. Ben looked sick. His wife was sitting beside the table watching Ben and holding the oldest boy. The other two kids must be in bed where that one should have been.

Shorty hesitated just a moment at the door and then pushed it open and stepped inside. Benedict came half out of his chair, his eyes wide and his mouth open, staring stupidly. Color fled from his wife's face and she seemed frozen.

"Sit down, Ben," Shorty said. "You just stay where you are, Mrs. Ben. I got a little business with your big, brave husband. He's the kind that runs in packs, like wolves. They're awful belligerent when they got a lot of company, especially when they got a little fellow cornered. He doesn't look so brave right now all by himself, does he?"

"Don't shoot him, Shorty," Mrs. Ben said through stiff lips.

"My name is Lawrence."

"Lawrence. Don't shoot him."

The life had gone out of Benedict's sagging face. He seemed fascinated by the black hole of the rifle barrel.

"You ought to know, Ben, that you can't hang a little fellow that way. Not enough weight, especially if he's got a pretty strong neck, like me. A big fellow like you, now, would have broken his neck right off, but me, I just went for a ride on a merry-go-round."

Two ugly welts showed where the rope had clamped along his jaws. "I know who was there tonight, Ben. I got lots to do before sunup. First you, then Judson, and then I'm going right on down the line. Except Mrs. Stewart. I can't rightly blame her. She's excited."

"Don't do it, Lawrence," said Mrs. Ben.

"You made a mistake up there tonight, Ben. Two mistakes. First, you should have been more careful when you tried to hang a little fellow like me, and second, I didn't kill Jeb Stewart. But that's neither here nor there. What's done is done. Next time you might be more careful but there's not going to be a next time. You've had your last chance. I guess it's customary to give a condemned man some last words. What are yours, before I pull this trigger?"

Benedict stared at the floor. "I've got nothing to say, Shorty," he said heavily. He rubbed a hand across his eyes. "You claim we made a mistake. I don't know. I been wondering. But I'm not saying anything. I wouldn't listen to you up there

and I don't expect you to listen to me now."

"Please don't kill him, Lawrence!" Mrs. Ben's voice rose in terror.

Shorty turned to her. "I'm sorry for you, Mrs. Ben," he said gently. "Your husband helped to hang me tonight. What else can I do?"

"You can let him go. Please!"

"Like he let me go?"

"You can be a bigger man than they are. You can—"

"A bigger man," Shorty said bitterly. "That's all it takes. Well, behind this gun I'm as big as anybody. A man can do anything as long as he's big. You judge a man by his size. If he's big he must be a man. If he's not big then he's something less than a man. You call him Shorty and push him around and laugh at him and don't think he's good for anything except as a curiosity but he's sure that, and you laugh and laugh."

"That Shorty a man?" you say, and you kill yourself laughing. "I don't know what on earth he is," you say, "but he's sure not a man. He's not big enough." You even think that because he's little there's something wrong with his head. Like tonight. Just because I'm a little squirt, the pack figured I must have killed Jeb Stewart. "Who else?" they say. "Everybody else is big. Shorty's small. Therefore he must have done it." Like I'm crazy maybe, or not even human—a separate breed of animal you call Shorty, like skunks or rattlesnakes or scorpions, only more vicious and a lot crazier.

"That's what you think of little people, Mrs. Ben. You and everybody else. They thought no more of hanging me tonight than if I'd been a dog with the rabies. But, Mrs. Ben, I'm human! I can laugh and I can cry and I can love and hate. I can think. I can hurt. I'm a man, whether you believe it or not!"

THE child on her lap was whimpering but, oblivious to all else, she stared at Shorty's white face and blazing eyes. And then she spoke gently.

"You poor boy," she said, "to carry all that around in your head. But it's all nonsense. Nobody laughs at you. Nobody thinks you are anything less than a man. Why, you're not much shorter than lots of men around here. Look at Ben, here. He's only a few inches taller than you but he's too fat and weighs a hundred and ninety pounds. They ought to laugh at him, if anybody. And Judson—he is maybe half a foot taller than you and he's got a weak back and can't lift half as much as you can. And look at Slim Hobart. He is a whole foot taller than you, I bet, and thin as a rail. People are always kidding him about his big clumsy feet. He admits it."

"Some people have funny noses, or eyes, or mouths; they're too fat or too thin. Some have big heads like Hud Parks, or little heads like Bill Barclay. But does that make them less than men?"

"It's all in your own head, Lawrence. You've never let anybody be friendly. You always pull away and stay inside yourself. Nobody's laughing at you, and if they should they're not worth bother-

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ing about anyway. The kids used to make fun of my crooked teeth, too."

"You talk real pretty, Mrs. Ben. People do push me around because I'm smaller than they are—and Ben did try to hang me tonight, remember?"

"Yes, he did, but it was not because of the size of your body. He's been sitting here ever since, wishing he hadn't. He's glad you're alive, and so am I. Regardless of what you do to him or me, we're glad you're alive.

"They'll never forget what they did this night, Lawrence. They have had their punishment and they will go on having it. Me, too. I could have done something to stop Ben. I'm to blame as much as they. Every man who was up there will go on punishing himself as long as he lives for what he did tonight. Every day they live will be a day of punishment. You wouldn't want to be in their shoes—or mine."

Shorty's sensitive mouth twisted. "You talk about punishment. They don't know what punishment is. I've been punished every day of my life for something I couldn't help. Just because I didn't grow as big as other men, I've been punished. You don't know how it is to be looked

down on and laughed at, when all the time inside of me I know I'm as good a man as anybody. That's punishment, Mrs. Ben."

She looked at him and spoke gently.

"And now you want to *prove* that you are a little man. You want to prove it so the whole world will know. They have proved that they are little and that's punishment enough. But you can give Ben back his life, Lawrence, give it back to him whole, and no one can be bigger than that. They had your life in their hands and they tried to take it. You have his life and you can give it back. You can prove that you are a lot bigger than they are and you'll go on all the rest of your life knowing you are bigger. It takes a big man to forgive. A big man."

Out of the long, heavy silence came the frightened sobbing of the child. Benedict sagged in his chair. Shorty was conscious of words hanging in the air as though suspended from the ceiling. Words with substance. *A big man. Big. Big. Words with power.* He could almost feel them. And through them floated Mrs. Ben's strained, white face.

He turned sharply away from her. "All right, Ben," he said. "I never had a

woman to fight for me. I always had to go it alone. She's a fine woman. She talks sense. More sense than you do. All right, I'll give you back your life. Hope you enjoy it. Me, I'm going to think over what she said."

He jerked open the door and slammed it behind him. As he rode fast down the road the cool night air felt icy on his forehead and back and he realized that he was sweating. It takes a big man to forgive. You're a bigger man than they are, she said. Her words were sharp and distinct in his mind and they made him feel a swelling exultation. They've had their punishment, the same punishment I've had, only they have earned theirs. They have proved they are little men. That's what she said. I'm a bigger man than they are all the rest of my life.

As he passed Judson's place he lifted a hand in a gesture of farewell.

"You, too," he said. He went on down the road, free with the freedom of a new understanding. It was like watching prison gates swing outward before him and the sun rising beyond like a promise. It was the prettiest picture he had ever seen. *For a little fellow,* he chuckled, *I feel awful good.* ■ ■

THE DAY THE WORLD EXPLODED CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

getting a long ring any minute now. Let's get ready to roll."

Ours is a spunky department, full of such *esprit de corps* that we were itching to be on our way to pitch headlong into the battle. The minutes dragged slowly as we almost coaxed the bell above our watch desk to let go.

But when the seven-second *whang* hit we were almost as startled as we are in the middle of the night when we get an unexpected run. Captain Rockey scooped up the fire phone and jotted down the address where the chief wanted us to report so he could circle the fire with apparatus. I dove for my turnout coat and slipped into it, somewhat hesitantly as I could even now feel how hot it would be fighting that smoky fire in the hundred-degree sun. As it turned out, I was to be thankful I did pull on my coat. In a few minutes it would save my life.

I clung to my perch on the right tail-board of Engine Four, hanging onto my helmet as the black pavement shot underneath me. Captain Rocky directed our rig up Hacienda Drive and the hammering motor protested loudly as we took the steep grade. We followed Engine Twenty-six and swung in beside her near three 60,000 dollar homes where we were to make a stand. Our job was to head off the crackling flames creeping up the canyon behind the three homes, and stop them cold. Compared to some of the other hot spots around the perimeter of the fire, this location looked easy.

Captain Rocky talked for a moment with the skipper of Engine Twenty-six, and then Glenn told Marvin Paske and me to take 300 feet of inch-and-a-half line off our rig and work it down the hillside. Engine Twenty-six had taken the

hydrant and their engineer, Black Gibson, supplied our pumper with a two-and-a-half inch line—all standard operating procedure. Best of all, we had a good working hydrant. I was on the tip of the line as Marv, Captain Rockey and I stumbled down the steep hillside.

There was considerable smoke up ahead and in the canyon below, but not enough to make the newspaper photographers happy. One of them complained that there wasn't enough action on this side of the fire to bother shooting. In another few minutes he would drop his camera and dash, panic-stricken, up the hillside to scream for ambulances and doctors.

I SLOWLY opened the line and the water spurted from the nozzle and splashed into the smoldering brush. A finger of flame had already made a run up the hillside off to the right, but ran out of gas before it could reach its intended targets—two houses. Flames had already swept over a horse corral below the house, knocking out the last remaining patches and I worked the line down the hillside, of fire around the corral and in a clump of eucalyptus trees. So far, so good.

Down along the ridge a camp crew of fourteen teen-aged boys, who had volunteered for brush-fire duty during their detention period for various juvenile offenses, was hard at work hacking a fire break. Their aluminum helmets glistened in the sun and the long handles of their shovels were restless as they dug in.

We were at the limit of our 300-foot line and needed more if we wanted to work our way toward the next house. Captain Rockey called to one of the boys in the camp crew: "Hey, lad, how about

running back to Engine Four and bringing us another pack of hose?"

When the boy returned with the bundle we connected it to our other line and the rest of the camp crew and their foreman helped us advance the hose.

There were eighteen of us working on the hillside and every one of us would have scoffed at the suggestion that we were in imminent peril, that only twelve of us would come out of there alive.

But unknown to any of us some freak of nature was building up to the explosive point. Perhaps nobody will ever know exactly what caused the fast developing and invisible chain of circumstances that would soon spread death and misery across the hillside.

Marv relieved me on the tip of the hose line and we went down a few more feet of brush that so far had escaped the creeping fire. Captain Rockey made his way down the hillside for a few more yards and turned to Marv.

"Bring the line on down here and we'll wet this down."

Marv and I worked the rigid hoseline down the slope toward the captain. When we got there he said, "Let me see the tip." Captain Rockey took the hose from Marv and opened the nozzle. The water again spurted out and splashed into the unburned brush.

I was standing beside Captain Rockey when she blew.

A sheet of flame lashed up suddenly out of the canyon with a whooshing puff like you'd hear if you threw a match into a gigantic puddle of gasoline. Instantly the hillside turned into a vivid furnace. Flames roared and crackled with a mighty triumphant roar as if you'd set fire to a hundred dried-out Christmas trees.

It was over in three seconds, but those seconds were the longest of my life. Captain Rockey, Marv and myself tried to run but the flames were everywhere. The fire storm hammered up out of the canyon, crowned in the eucalyptus trees and beat down on top of us. Millions of white-hot needles bored into my face, my cheeks, my eyelids and my ears.

I wanted to scream out in stark pain, but I knew that if I did I would suck in the flames and I'd be dead instantly.

"I'm burning to death!" The words kept racing through my brain. Now at last I knew how it felt to die. After all my years as a fireman, knowing the ravages and miseries caused by fire, I could finally feel how it was to be burned alive.

A thousand and one thoughts raced through my brain.

"My wife and kids . . . They'll never see me again . . . I'm going to die . . ."

I tried to duck out of the way of the flaming monster but this only seemed to drive home to me that I was wilting and melting off into a glob of nothing. I thought about Glenn, about Marv. Captain Rockey surely would get out of here alive. He had the hose line. He could douse himself with a protective umbrella of water as he staggered from the jaws of this living death. But Marv and I—we'd never make it . . .

My mind screamed, "You've got to get out! You can't stay here!" But my legs protested; they didn't want to move. It seemed like I was riveted to the hillside. Then I felt myself starting to fall . . .

"No! You can't fall down. You'll never get back up again if you do!" The flames licked at my ears and my eyelids and even as I felt the pain of the white-hot heat I listened to the piercing screams coming from out of the fiery wilderness around me. The screams of human beings being burned to death. I'll never forget the sound as long as I live.

"God help me!" I prayed through pain-clenched jaws. I staggered and groped and pitched forward on my hands and knees, fighting for my life and knowing the terrible ordeal couldn't last much longer. Even as I clawed my way up the hillside I knew that I'd probably die in a matter of seconds.

I SEEMED to be crawling up that hill, but making no progress. My eyes pained maddeningly from the smoke. But I was aware that I still wore my helmet and most of my turnout and I knew that if I lived it would be because of that.

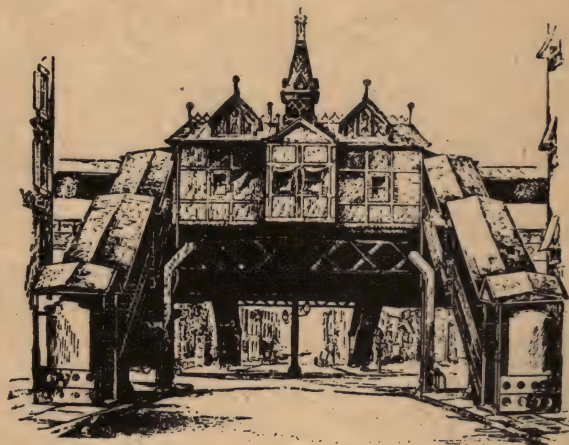
Suddenly I felt a cooling breeze bathe my face. And I knew that I was out of the worst of the fire. I could feel the flames crackling through my clothing as I came out of it on my hands and knees. The next thing I was aware of was the sight of two camp-crew boys writhing on the ground. And I saw that Marv had got out, too. But he was burned as badly as I.

I looked around for Rockey even as I beat out the fire in my clothes. But he wasn't anywhere in sight.

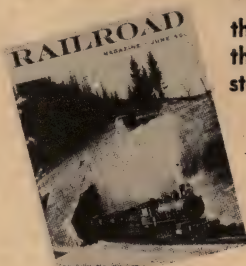
One of the camp-crew boys was twisting in agony, his clothes smoking and his skin blistered and coming off in strips.

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And worst of all he was still conscious. "Don't let me burn to death!" he screamed even as he died.

Somebody began wetting us down with a garden hose, and at the touch of the cold water I felt myself growing limp and sinking to the ground . . .

How I ever made it back onto my feet I'll never know. The next thing I remember I was calling out to Norm Earlich, the engineer of our pumper, to radio in for ambulances. My brain was numb from the shock of my deep burns and my glazed eyes had trouble focusing on the blackened skin that was hanging in strips from my wrists. The pain when I walked was almost unbearable, but what happened next can only be explained by shock.

I held out my flame-seared wrists to Neal Landrum, our department's photographer, and Captain George Hutchinson and they began to wrap gauze around them. Then I found myself near the tailboard of Engine Twenty-six, and I began pulling off more hoseline for the other firemen who were trying to plunge through the smoke barrier to reach those still on the smoke-shrouded hillside.

I felt someone tugging at my pain-racked arm. I turned and saw a woman, her eyes wide with fear.

"My house—it's going to burn!" she screamed. "I've got to get my . . ."

"Don't go in there," I ordered her.

"But I've got to," she cried out. "My kids—they're in the house!"

What I said and did then was automatic. "I'll go in after them," I told the hysterical woman. In the state of shock in which I was I'd probably have tried to tackle the entire fire singlehanded.

The woman led me to her house, and I went inside and found about ten kids huddled there. I led them outside to a swimming pool.

The smoke seemed to be clearing as I made my wobbly way back to the hillside. I had just reached the top of it when I saw something that stopped me short. A man and a helmet. At first I didn't recognize the man, but I saw the emblem on the helmet.

"Cap Rockey! No!"

As Chief Robinson helped me inside his car I kept talking hysterically, as if I could change what had happened by talking about it. "Captain Rockey is dead, Chief. He didn't make it. But we did, Marv and myself. Why? Why didn't Rockey get out, too? He had the same chance. A few more feet and he would have made it . . ."

Of the three of us, Captain Rockey was the only one who had any chance of escaping. He had the hoseline. He didn't abandon it and he didn't leave us down there alone. Captain Rockey stayed with the hose on the slim chance it would make it easier for us to come out alive.

Chief Robinson turned to me and said softly, "You and I both know why you got out. Captain Rockey would have wanted it that way."

Mallory asked, but without real interest. He could not forget what had happened.

"I don't know," Kramer said, bedding down again in the sand. "I'll have to think about it. Good night."

"Good night," Mallory closed his eyes, feeling bitter and still nursing his hurt.

If this is what the desert does to you, he was thinking, then I've had it.

When Mallory awoke, with the sun already warm on his face, he found the inspector standing beside him.

"There's a change in plans," Kramer said. "I'll tell you while you're eating breakfast." Then he strode away.

Mallory was at the campfire getting his stew and coffee when Kramer knelt beside him, fumbling with a map which refused to lie open. Mallory listened to him while he ate, trying to discover from the other's manner and expression whether all was well between them. It was hard to tell; the inspector was his quiet, official self and there was no knowing what he was thinking.

"I'm still making for Point Sixty," Kramer was saying. "There's a well there, and it's a permanent camp of the Balala. Once they know the police patrols are about, the word should spread fast enough to the others." He sucked thoughtfully at his teeth. "It's the others I'm worried about, the ones out looking for revenge. They'll be scattered and could be anywhere."

This sounded more like the inspector of old, and Mallory warmed to him. "We could break up, sir, and make two separate patrols," he suggested.

"H'mm. I was thinking of Sabutane," the inspector said, casually adding, "I think you'd better return there at once, Mallory."

Mallory ceased chewing, and his brown eyes widened. "But you need me with you, sir. You said so."

The inspector seemed to be studying

the dunes opposite. "I'm worried about Maria. Some of the Balala might turn up there, to complain or something, and it might go badly with her."

"Surely they wouldn't dare attack a white woman?" Mallory said.

"You can never tell," Kramer said in his hard, official voice, and got to his feet. "You can take four of the men back with you, Mallory. If you travel in a direct route, you should do it in fifty-six hours." Then he looked directly at the young man with an odd expression in his eyes. "I've thought it over," he said, "and I think it's the best thing."

Mallory looked up at him, wondering exactly what he had meant. The inspector could simply be referring to the patrol and the decision he had made, while on the other hand he could have meant something else. It might be the inspector's way of showing that he trusted his assistant after all, for he was sending him to his wife, knowing that he himself would be away for another ten days.

"I'll start at once, sir," Mallory said, puzzled and thoughtful. He stared at the sand near his feet, sensing that Kramer was watching him. "But I wish I didn't have to go."

"There'll be other patrols. Now you'd better put your helmet on," Kramer said, "or you'll get sunstroke."

He might have meant it to be kindly, or even as a joke, but when Mallory glanced at him there was still that grimness about him, that vague, indefinable expression about the eyes which he had never noticed before until now. Unless he was mistaken, Inspector Kramer was under some kind of strain; it just could not be the effect of the night's drinking.

That first day Mallory's party covered a good deal of ground, principally because the native constables, overjoyed at the change of plan, were anxious to get back to the safety and comfort of their

neat, cool barracks. Mallory, still unaccustomed to the grinding discomfort of a camel's gait, and suffering from thirst, heat and glare, saw his men ahead of him as shapeless, unsteady forms like the disturbed reflections in a lake. Even his thoughts seemed to congeal into a fixed cast, so that he could think of nothing but his discomfort.

At dawn of the fourth day they rode into Sabutane.

Someone, either a tracker or native policeman, must have seen them breasting the rocky slopes that fronted the station, for Mrs. Kramer had already left the house and was running with flying hair to meet them.

Mallory waved.

"Of course," he thought grimly. "She thinks something's happened to her husband."

"There is nothing wrong," he called down to her, as she ran beside him. "Nothing to worry about: I'll explain it all to you in a minute."

SHE dropped behind, shielding her eyes, and allowed them to ride past her into the station compound. Then she hurried after them, waiting while Mallory dismounted and his camel was led away. She watched him issue a few orders and dismiss the men, before turning and walking up to her.

"Let's go into the house," he said.

He sank exhausted into a chair while she brought him oat cakes and a steaming mug of coffee.

"He was worried about you, that's all," he said, sipping his drink. "He sent me back to see that you are all right. It's quiet out there in the desert—too quiet, he thinks."

"Am I in danger then?" she asked, sitting facing him.

He considered her question for a moment. "No, I don't think so. But you know what husbands are." He smiled, to cover the bitterness of a sudden memory.

"Then there's nothing really wrong, Peter?" She spoke carefully, watching him intently, frowning.

"Why, no." He took a cake, avoiding her eyes.

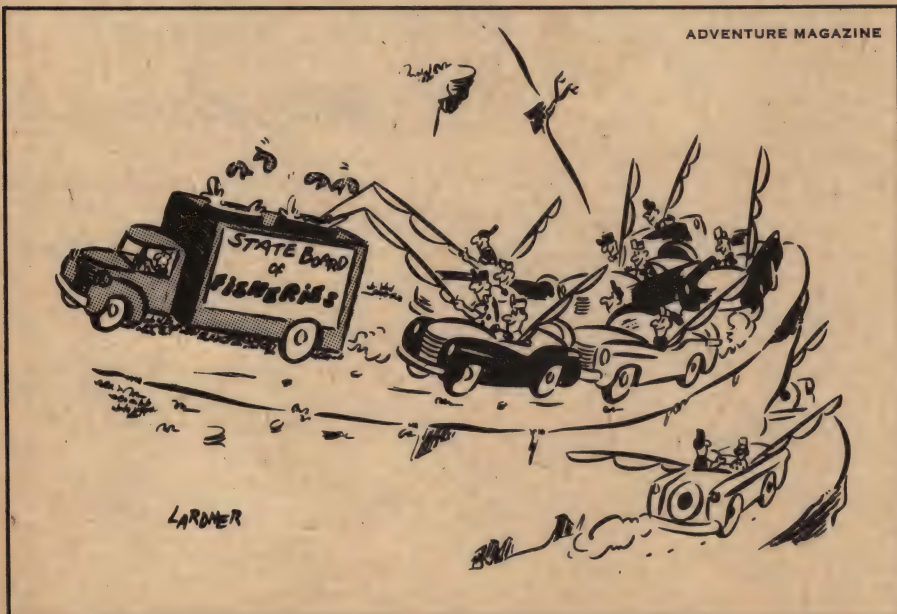
"It's strange he should send you back," she said, looking past him toward a window.

"I shan't be staying, of course," he said, with feigned cheerfulness. "A hot bath and a shave and then I'm off."

She turned on him. "But you can't do that. You must rest."

"He needs me," he said simply. And he was certain of it. It was one thing to worry needlessly about your wife, but quite another when you permitted it to interfere with official duties. The inspector was not himself, his judgment was no longer sound, and he had never needed an assistant more.

She had said nothing to this, but now she gazed reflectively at the table before



speaking. "I feel there's something you're not telling me," she said quietly.

He hesitated, baring his teeth in a grimace. He had no wish to talk about that conversation around the campfires; the last thing he wanted was to hurt and disillusion this innocent woman who had been the cause of it. "Well, I think he needs a rest, if that's what you mean," he said. "He's worn himself out."

He had meant well, but all at once she started to cry. For a moment he could only stare in embarrassment.

"He . . . he's not well at all," she said, between sobs. "He's made me ill worrying about him . . . his tempers . . . the way he broods . . ." She raised her head, wiping her eyes. "Haven't you noticed it? He's no longer the same person. He forgets things. His mind wanders."

Mallory had gotten up from the chair and stood beside her, yet afraid to touch her. But he listened while she poured it all out, all that had been stifled inside her for years.

"He needs to get away," she said. "But he would never listen to me. It was always duty, his job and this terrible desert. How I hate the desert!" She beat the table with her hands.

"There, there," Mallory soothed her, touching her lightly on the shoulder.

"I just can't carry on," she told him, biting her lips nervously. "He'll kill himself yet. He'll make a mistake one day with those savages out there—" She broke down again, leaving it unsaid.

Now he patted her shoulder unashamedly. "I'll bring him back," he said. "Somehow I'll get him back."

He left her, and went out into the white-hot glare of the compound to find the one native tracker who would lead him to Baharu, the Point Sixty of the inspector's map.

This was Mapula, part-Bushman-Hottentot-Balala, a little yellowish man whose wrinkled skin and toothless gums bespoke, not only age, but his wisdom of the desert.

SABUTANE and Mrs. Kramer's waving figures were out of sight at last. Mallory settled down to the ride, the reins hanging loosely and the rifle across his lap. The tracker was ahead on his own mount, leading the pack camel by a long rein of hide.

The whole landscape was sterile, dead under the blazing sun. There was not a tree to be seen; only a vast, dissolving panorama of undulating ground with its rocky outcrops of iron-stone, quartz and slate. Mallory got a headache watching it, and pulled his helmet lower over his eyes. This also, he recalled, was part of the great desert which the inhabitants called the "Karikari"—"the sharp, fierce region." A perfect description.

Mallory was dozing in the jolting saddle when he heard a call from the tracker who was pointing to something out there in the shimmering wastes. He shook himself, stared about him and saw nothing. Then, urging his mount forward,

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he drew up alongside the tracker with a faster-beating heart.

"What is it, Mapula," he asked, a trifle breathlessly.

The tracker pointed again. "Balala, baas." He grinned, as though amused at the white man whose weak eyes could not see what his saw.

Mallory fumbled for the binocular-case swinging from his saddle. With the glasses he carefully examined the distances, sweeping back and forth, but he still saw nothing. He felt foolish, though not yet worried.

"Which way are they traveling?"

Mapula laughed. "I don't know, baas. They are hiding now."

Mallory grimaced, annoyed that the fellow was taking the matter so lightly. "We'll go and meet them," he said, waving his hand.

They moved on, Mallory vaguely excited at the prospect of meeting a band of what might be semi-hostile nomads. It occurred to him, too, that it was a good thing they had seen them, because for all he knew these Balala might well be on their way to Sabutane, either to demand justice or to seek trouble. Well, he would talk to them and explain what the government was doing on their behalf; how the Bechuana ringleaders were being rounded up, and how they would be fined and imprisoned after they had returned their loot to the original owners.

"They have gone, baas," Mapula called to him later, and he saw for himself the tracks disappearing behind rocks.

"Which way?" he asked, secretly disappointed.

The tracker pointed north, which was a relief to Mallory since Sabutane lay directly south. "We'll try and catch up with them," he said. "Carry on."

THEY did not see the Balala again, though they came across their tracks, or those of others, when the rocky terrain finally gave way to sand—the red sand which stretched for hundreds of miles ahead of them, almost to Lake Ngami.

They camped that night between the dunes, building their fire with a little deadwood and some of the precious faggots carried by the baggage camel. Then they sat together, white man and aboriginal, eating with their fingers from the tins of beef they had opened. All was dark and quiet about them, save for the odd sound in the night which might have been the distant cry of an animal. It was chilly, and Mallory had put on a khaki sweater over his shirt, leaving his tunic, helmet and firearms by the saddles some distance away. It never occurred to him that by placing his rifle and pistol out of reach he had broken a major rule while on patrol.

The meal was finished, and Mapula the tracker was scraping an empty can with his fingers and then sucking them, when all at once he raised his head and stared past Mallory. He seemed to freeze.

Mallory, the hairs on his neck prickling, slowly looked over his shoulder.

He was staggered. How they had approached so close without being heard was beyond him, but standing a few yards away were six or seven brown little men in kilts of hide. They were motionless, staring down at him with glittering greenish eyes, and even in that unguarded moment he noted the tiny bows they were carrying and the arrows ready at hand.

He turned cautiously to face the intruders. "Ask them what they want, Mapula," he said, without turning his head.

The tracker addressed them in guttural, staccato bursts, as if the words were coming from his stomach, and was immediately answered in the same manner by one of the strangers who punctuated his remarks with angry gestures.

MAPULA lowered his eyes, replying less forcefully this time. Seeing what was happening, Mallory raised a hand. "What did he say, Mapula?"

"Baas, they are hungry—their women and children are hungry. They say their goats have been stolen and they want them back."

"Tell them," Mallory said, "that the government is angry with the Bechuans, and that they will be punished. The goats will be returned to the Balala. They have nothing to fear."

Mapula translated, and recoiled from the outburst which immediately followed. All the Balala started talking at once, waving their bows and stamping the ground with their feet. One of them pointed at Mallory and let loose a torrent of words whose meaning was quite unmistakable.

"Baas, they say it is all words—all talk. They say you, the *inkosi*, must feed them and their people."

"I can't," Mallory said. "Tell them it's impossible. But wait—" His hand groped for the rucksack beside him, and he drew out three tins of beef. Then he slowly stood up and offered them to the little men. When they made no move, just stared at him with those glittering eyes, he lightly tossed the tins on the ground in front of them.

The Balala ignored them, and a tense silence followed.

Mallory realized at once that he had blundered, not having counted on the pride of these primitive little nomads. They had asked for an ox, and he had offered them a chicken.

One of the men spoke again, facing Mallory but addressing his tracker. Mapula grinned no more; he was frightened.

Mallory watched helplessly, cursing his stupidity for having placed his guns out of reach. And a move toward them, he knew, would result in instant, fatal action: he had not forgotten that the arrows were poisoned.

"What are they saying, Mapula?" he asked again.

"Baas, they say: 'Why is Mapula living with the white men and not with his people in the Karikari?'"

Mallory turned to him. "Tell them the

truth, that you are a friend of ours. Tell them that—"

He paused, looking around quickly. But they were alone again.

The Balala had vanished as silently as they had come.

Mallory stood stock-still, listening, trying to control his breathing. The silence, the sudden disappearance of the Balala, had unnerved him and he was undecided as to what to do next. It was the hunched figure of Mapula with his staring, frightened eyes that forced him to take a grip on himself. Now he sensed danger, and something had to be done quickly.

His first act was to stamp on the dying fire, pounding it into the sand until not a spark remained. Then he whispered to Mapula, telling him to crawl behind the saddles and lie down. After strapping on his holster, Mallory grabbed the rifle and joined his tracker, so that the two of them lay in a comparatively guarded position between the saddles and the crouching camels. In the all-enveloping darkness they listened and waited, either for the trouble that might never come or the dawn that surely would.

"Have I panicked?" Mallory asked himself, as the time passed and tension mounted. "Is this what Kramer would have done?"

But before he could answer himself the man beside him had stiffened, touching him lightly on the arm.

Both of them heard the soft thud—*phut!*—and ducked instinctively, while behind them one of the camels bellowed and started to struggle to its feet. Mallory stayed low, and was just bringing his rifle to rest on the saddle when he realized that the camel had fallen again and was trying to get up. He knew then it must have been hit and started to crawl toward it. As he did so the poor brute keeled over and began thrashing its legs frantically in the sand, and moaning.



"It's a goner," Mallory thought, as he lay hugging the sand.

While the camel groaned and struggled in what obviously was its death throes, Mallory tried to work his way around it and face the direction from which the arrow had come. But by this time the other two beasts had also risen and were milling around in panic dangerously close to him. There was no time to waste, so drawing his pistol he jumped up and approached the dying animal as close as he could. He took careful aim and fired a round into its head. The beast sagged like an empty bag.

"Get the fetters off," he yelled, and Mapula came up at a crouch and started to free the carcass from its living mates.

All this time Mallory had been expecting the inevitable shower of arrows, but when no more came, and there was not a sound from the desert, he called to Mapula and fell back behind the saddles. There he waited, pistol cocked, while his tracker pacified the two camels and got them to lie down again.

"Baas," Mapula said simply, when he finally lay beside him, "they will not come."

"What do you mean?"

"They kill camel," Mapula said.

"When we leave, they will eat it."

"Are you sure?"

"Ja, baas. Their families will come, and they will feast."

Mallory felt a certain relief, though it was only momentary when other aspects of the matter presented themselves more forcibly. For according to the police textbooks he had been attacked; the camel, government property, had been destroyed. It was as simple as that. And the more he brooded about it, the more he realized that the easy way out was not the correct one. He made a half-hearted attempt to persuade himself—for it was dark, and he was cold and tired—that

reaching Baharu was more important than anything, and that a single camel sacrificed to satisfy the hunger of the nomadic Balala did not matter. But he was a policeman, not a civilian who had blundered and lost a camel. And if he left and went on his way, pretending he had done the sensible thing, it would always be there in the mind like a painfully remembered lie.

"It is better we go, baas," Mapula whispered, looking about him.

"We're staying," Mallory said tersely. "Get some sleep. I'll wake you later."

Later, he found himself dozing off against his will. He had been thinking of Inspector Kramer, recalling in detail their conversation that night around the campfire. He went over it again and again, though to no purpose except that it made him angry and bitter whenever he thought of it. Still, the inspector was due for a shock when he saw his assistant riding into Baharu, believing him to be suffering temptation in Sabutane.

"Serves him right," Mallory muttered. "Should know better . . . must be the desert . . ."

He was asleep.

MAPULA sat there in the chill, purplish lights of dawn and gazed at the dunes opposite him. Mallory awoke, saw him and remembered, and turned on his side to look in the same direction. There was nothing but sand, the red sand meeting the sky in all directions.

"Let's eat," Mallory said, and they opened more cans of beef and drank from their water bottles.

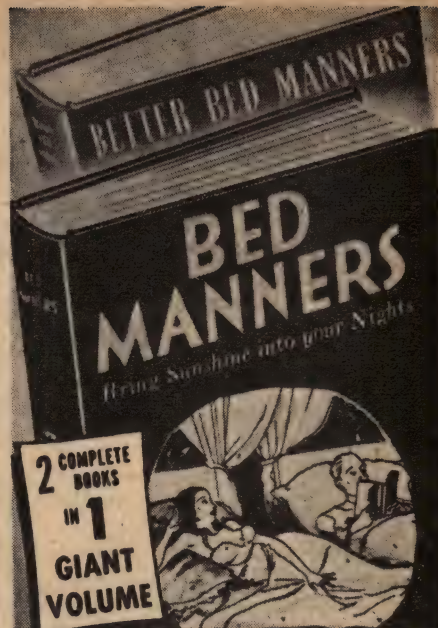
When the sun rose and beat down mercilessly on their sweating bodies they crouched closer to the camels for what little shade the beasts could offer them. Once Mallory took a look at the dead camel, staring thoughtfully at the slender arrow protruding from its neck and the patch of flesh around it, the size of a plate, which was a horrible greenish-black. This, he knew, would be carefully cut out, leaving the rest of the meat fit for consumption. They were cunning, these nomads; they had to be to survive.

When he joined Mapula again, who was grim and silent, Mallory checked his rifle and pistol and waited for the first sign of Balala. They were surely watching and waiting, wondering why the white man did not carry on and leave them to their meal.

Then, in the late morning, something dropped from the sky and landed in front of them, raising a tiny shower of sand. Even as they saw the arrow lying there more had followed, and some much nearer their mark.

"Down," Mallory shouted, and started to crawl behind the camels.

He lay panting, staring into the frightened eyes of Mapula. He had not expected this; he had believed the Balala would come and palaver with him and listen to his harsh words regarding the government's displeasure. He had meant to punish them, to fine them ten goats as



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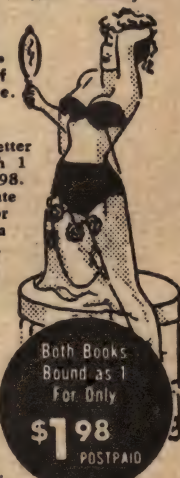
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the price for the lost camel, and only then would they be allowed to eat it. But it was not to be, it seemed. The Balala were angry, and no longer caring where their arrows fell.

Mallory could hear them—the soft swish in the sand, or the dull thud as they hit a saddle or some other hard object. He kept down, not daring to raise his head, while Mapula lay trembling beside him. It was true the Balala must be firing blindly, trusting to chance, but it could not be long before an arrow found a human target. And knowing this, Mallory started to cast around for some gully or pile of rocks to which they could run.

There was nothing in sight, though it was fortunate Mallory had looked behind him when he did.

He saw three little figures poised on the crest of a dune not thirty yards away, and their bows had twanged in the same instant as he turned his head. He heard the buzz as a shaft skimmed past his neck, heard the hoarse bellow of a camel, and then saw Mapula squirming on the ground beside him.

But he fired and kept on firing, until two of the little Balala had dropped back behind the dune, leaving the third lying in the sand.

Mapula made no sound, but just kicked silently with his hands grasping the shaft which had sunk into his stomach. It finally came away in his hands, broken off at the point of entry, and Mallory stared horror-stricken.

"I finish, *baas*," Mapula groaned, and

his struggles ceased. His body relaxed, shaken by little spasms, and his eyes closed.

Mallory turned away, choked with blinding anger and remorse. There was nothing he could do—nothing. "Nothing!" he shouted hysterically, breaking down, and he started to blaze away with his rifle at the harmless sand.

Then the madness passed, and he realized that Mapula was nearly dead and that another camel had been hit. It was trying to rise behind him, grunting and falling, grunting and falling.

There were no more arrows for the moment, as if the Balala had heard the white man's cry and believed him to be dying. But the silence was as menacing as a flight of missiles, and Mallory could bear it no longer.

He reloaded the rifle, gave a last glance at Mapula whose ashen-grey body was rigid, and quickly jumped to his feet. He ran swiftly at a crouch between the dunes, stopping at intervals to look about him, and hurrying on as fast as the loose sand would allow him. He had no idea of his direction, no clear-cut plan of action; all he had was a frantic desire to hide himself from the arrows whose points carried a painful death.

He breasted one dune, momentarily outlined against the sky, and scrambled down its slope. He started up the next, though slower now for he was exhausted, and had almost reached the top when he suddenly came face to face with a Balala who was making his way down. For an agonizing second they stared at each other,

thunderstruck, and then went for their weapons.

The Balala, carrying his bow in one hand and a small spear in the other, immediately flung the latter. As it struck Mallory in the thigh, he fired the rifle point-blank from the waist before staggering back. The Balala dropped, and a moment later Mallory himself sank down to the sand plucking at the spear with his hand. Clenching his teeth, he gave a tug, sighed, and lay back with the bloodied weapon in his hand. He felt the warm bloom streaming down his leg and prepared to die.

"This is the end," he thought. "Oh, God, what a mess, what a waste."

THE pain hardly bothered him, or the blood. It was the poison he knew must now be running through his veins.

He opened his eyes again, to get a last look at the sky and the desert, and it was then he saw the Balala approaching in line. There were a lot of them, and they came purposefully.

What did it matter now? Mallory closed his eyes and waited.

A sudden volley of shots among the dunes brought Mallory to life again. For an instant he thought he had not heard properly, that the sounds were part of his death-dreams, but another crackle of rifle fire much nearer convinced him that he was very much alive. He slowly raised his head and looked about him.

The Balala had fled and were scattered among the dunes in all directions like an army of startled ants, their cries mingling with the hoarse shouts of command from the camel riders who were pursuing them.

A moment later Inspector Kramer came in sight, running on foot with two troopers behind him. He came scrambling up toward Mallory, waving his pistol and bawling at the top of his voice.

"I thought they'd done you in," he panted, kneeling beside Mallory. "Now don't try to talk for a minute," he ordered, while his expert hands touched lightly about the wound.

Mallory gave a tired grin. "Just tell me I'm not dying, sir."

Kramer gave him a sharp look. "They don't poison their spears," he said. "It's not practical. You've just got a nasty flesh wound."

A trooper appeared with the first-aid kit, and the inspector grimly started to clean and bandage the leg. Mallory lay back, relaxed and full of blessed relief.

"It's a miracle, sir," he said, "how you made it in time from Baharu. Just a miracle. You must have half-killed the camels."

Kramer, who was tying the bandage, paused and looked at him. "We didn't come from Baharu," he said shortly.

"You didn't?" Mallory said, amazed.

The inspector bent to his task again, but went on speaking softly. "We came from Sabutane. I gave you a day's start and followed you back. I know now how wrong I was, but at the time I just didn't



believe you. No, I'm not proud of myself, Mallory. But I had to make sure, see? That's the way I felt at the time." He raised his eyes to Mallory. "Maria, she took it badly. I told her everything."

Mallory still lay on his back, staring up at Kramer from under his eyelids. He felt no anger, but only a sadness, a deep pity, for this man who had caused his judgment to be overshadowed so foolishly and futilely with jealousy. And not only that, there had been the losses in lives, camels and prestige, which was always bad for the government. But could he really be blamed? Was it not the desert, something about being 'bushed' after being too long in it without a rest?

"There was a message from Shoshong," Kramer said. "They've got the Bechuanas and are bringing them in. We'll take this lot in, too, and the matter'll be settled once and for all."

Mallory nodded. "That's the end of it, then."

"Not for me." The inspector, still kneeling beside him, took off his helmet and wiped the inside brim with a handkerchief. "I bungled the job, and when they get your report, Mallory, they'll have me on the mat."

"My report?" Mallory asked.

"You're still a policeman," the inspector reminded him, his voice hardening again. "It's your privilege to report what happened, you know."

"I think I know what you mean, sir," Mallory said. "You sent me back to Sabutane, followed me, and then discovered

I wasn't there. So you had to chase after me. I see what you mean, sir. It would all need a lot of explaining."

The inspector seemed to have aged considerably in a few minutes. He got up, shaking the sand off his clothes.

"But I bungled a bit, too," Mallory said. "Remember, sir?"

"We'll discuss it later," Kramer said, turning away.

"Wait, sir." Mallory raised himself up. The inspector turned back to him impatiently, as if annoyed. "You're 'bushed,' sir," Mallory blurted out. "You've had it. You need a rest and you've got to take one. Unless you apply for leave, I'll make a report and tell the whole damn story . . ." He paused for breath, yet hardly dared to carry on.

The inspector sat down again in the sand, resting his head in his hands. It completely unsettled Mallory, who at least expected a severe dressing-down or even a show of temper. Now, at the sight of that pathetic figure, he could only burn with shame.

"I'm doing it for you, sir," he said softly, "and her."

The inspector nodded. "I know what you mean. You're right. I need a rest. I'll—I'll tell Maria. She'll understand."

He got to his feet again, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, and bawled an order to the nearest trooper. For once he sounded like his old self again, but only Mallory sensed the strain.

It really was the end of the little war over goats. ■ ■

THE DEVIL'S CAPTAIN CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

closer. "Meant no offense. I'm kinda soft-treadin' from habit. That's how I've held on to this topknot." He touched the long white mane that matched his flowing beard. He might have been anywhere from sixty to eighty, a sprightly oldster, tall as Daniel in his buckskins.

"Name is Tuck," he said. "Mose Tuck." He put out a big hand and Daniel was surprised by its iron grip. "Let's go inside and have a drink," Tuck invited.

The long, log-walled room was empty. Tables and stools were overturned, and the reek of spilled rum mingled with stale tobacco smoke.

"We'll have to serve ourselves," Mose said. "Frenchy took out after the boys."

"What was the ruckus about?"

"Injun named Ganwoc. We call him Sponge-belly. Hain't a Shawnee or Wyandot. Pears like a Delaware, more'n anything else." Mose found a bottle and poured their drinks. "Red varmint's been hangin' around four, five days," Mose went on. "Behavin' himself, but droolin' 'count of Frenchy won't sell rum to an Injun."

"Then what happened?"

"Reckon the temptation got too much for Sponge-belly, so he up and grabbed the demijohn and lit out."

"What demijohn?"

"Why, the one that was a-settin' on the bar, of course," Mose said. "The one General St. Clair sent to Major Helm, up

at the fort. Filled with rare brandy, it was."

"If it was for the major, what was it doing here?"

"Protective custody. Feller that brought it was sort of no-account, and we were afeerd some low-down scoundrel would take it off him. So us fellers took it first."

Daniel grinned and put down his drink. "Have to favor my stomach for a spell. I need some grub before doin' any more drinking. Then I'm goin' up to the fort."

THAT'S about the whole of it, Major. Hamilton, the British governor at Detroit, and Simon Girty, are gettin' a real army together. They aim to wipe out the American border settlements with two companies of Tory rangers and a raft of redskins. Girty has fifty men of his own, worth more than all the rest put together. Mean fighters in the woods or out." Daniel rubbed his chin thoughtfully before continuing his report. "Girty holds the Indians in the hollow of his hand. Right now, the war drums are beating in every Wyandot village."

The thick-set major thrust out his jaw. "I'll send an express to the general. You alert the other settlements. Wish I had a few more Continentals and some cannon. A dozen men, plus the civilians, are not much to stand against an army."

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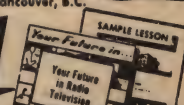
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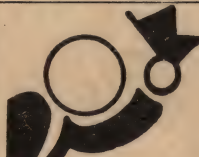


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Daniel said. "Over forty of 'em. Seems to me I saw some swivels mounted on the frin' platform."

"Four," the major admitted. "Deadly weapons for close fighting. We're low on powder, though." He sighed and drummed nervously on the table with his fingertips. "The women and children worry me."

"They should," Daniel said. "Hamilton has offered five pounds in gold for each American scalp."

HELM'S eyes flashed; his florid face darkened. "Why, the dirty, misbegotten degenerate! It's against all the laws of civilized warfare." For a moment, Daniel thought the officer would have a stroke. "The man has no sense of honor," Helm growled. "And he's offering three pounds more than we pay for Wyandot scalps!"

The major got busy on his dispatch, and Daniel moved to the door, moccasins silent on the rough floor. When he pulled open the door, it was hard to say who was the more startled, he or the girl who had been crouching behind it, listening. She leaped back quickly, wide-eyed.

He caught her wrist. "You were spying!"

She made no reply, but thrust her pert chin toward him defiantly. Fiery red curls and green, gold-flecked eyes bespoke a tempered miss. Though he towered over her and gripped her shoulders tightly, she did not cry out.

"Know what happens to spies?" Daniel asked. "Maybe we better go in and talk to Major Helm."

"Oh, no!" Her body tensed. "It wouldn't do any good. It's too late for that." Suddenly her lips quivered. "Oh, I wish I was dead," she sobbed brokenly.

Daniel never did get the hang of how it happened. First thing he knew, she was in his arms, face buried against his chest, and he was stroking those red curls, marveling at their silky texture. "Tell me all about it," he heard himself saying . . . and then they were sitting outside on a bench, snug to the cabin's wall.

"I live with the Helms," the girl told him. "Sort of a hired girl, only they treat me more like a daughter. I wouldn't do anything to harm them," she said smartly. "I wasn't spying."

"You were listening at the door," he pointed out, recovered now. "You weren't in the fort when I left. Where did you come from? What's your name?"

"They found me wandering in the

woods, out of my head. The major and his wife took me in and nursed me."

"What's your name?"

"Roxana."

"Roxana what?"

"That's all," she said dully. "I can't remember anything else."

"Well, maybe you weren't spying," he decided, rising. "But if there's a next time, girl or no—" His hand dropped to the hatchet in his belt.

He stalked away. Halfway across the parade ground he looked back. The girl was sitting as if carved from wood, gazing into space.

Daniel left before sunup next morning, on his mission to warn the settlements. As he ran his canoe into the river, he wondered how the major's express was making out. The man had gone overland on horseback a few hours before.

His paddle sent the light craft skimming through the shadows close to shore, to avoid prying eyes. At a bend in the river, he beached the canoe and crossed over the point to peer beyond the bushes. Satisfied no enemy was lurking on the other side he started back.

A low moaning brought him up sharp. He waited, hands tightening on his long rifle. The moaning came again, louder, this time a sort of chant. Weapon ready, he pushed into the open.

A glassy-eyed Indian sat propped against a tree. He gave no heed to Daniel, but went on with his keening. Daniel recognized the death song.

From the Indian's dress and scalp lock, he was a Delaware. One bony hand clutched a broken demijohn, held together only by the woven net covering. This was the culprit, Sponge-belly, or what the boys' slugs had left of him.

The dying Indian spoke suddenly. "White man too late. Great warrior already starting on Long Trail."

Daniel dropped to his knees and pulled aside the tattered, greasy hunting shirt. "Got you in the shoulder; no bones broken. You lost a lot of blood, but, hell, man, you ain't going to die."

The Indian looked stubborn. "Death song has gone to the four winds."

Daniel washed and bandaged the wound, then he lugged his patient to the canoe.

It took Daniel a full week to make the trip. By the time they started back, Sponge-belly, or Ganwoc, was able to do his own full share of the paddling.

The scout sensed the Indian's gratitude,

and grew to like him. Like all of his race, the Delaware didn't say much.

"What brings you to this country?" Daniel asked one day. "Your people live where they can see the sun come out of the sea."

"My people now are few and no longer travel the war trail," Ganwoc said, "I, who was a chief, am still a warrior."

Days passed. Finally, they sighted the settlement. This time Daniel landed above the fort. He took Ganwoc with him when he made his report.

"An express came back from the general," Helm said grimly. "He can't send help until the month is out. Until then, we're on our own." He stared at Ganwoc. "Who is he?"

"A friendly Delaware, ready to help me scout. Can he draw pay and rations?"

Helm nodded. "Better go right on out. I'm fair worried about Girty. He hates this place above all others. Had some trouble here in the old days, before he turned renegade."

"I'll cross the river at Ten Mile Bend and scout down," Daniel agreed. "How is Mrs. Helm?"

"Real pert, thank you." The major was eyeing him queerly, so Daniel didn't ask about the girl, Roxana.

He took Ganwoc to his cabin. When they had eaten, he told the Indian to get some rest, as they wouldn't leave until dark. Then he wandered off toward a small inlet, a secluded and favorite spot of his, minded to take a swim. He had started to strip off his hunting shirt when his eyes fell on a neat pile of clothing atop a flat rock.

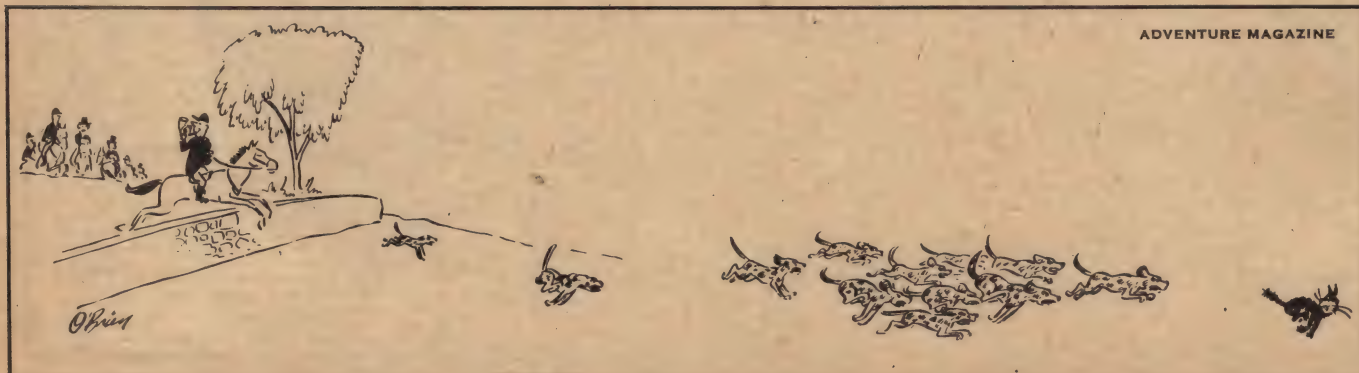
SOME distance out, an arm broke the glassy surface of the water, a dripping, red-topped head shot into view as the swimmer struck for shore. Before Daniel could move, the girl came wading up onto the beach, auburn curls plastered tightly to her head, water streaming from her body. She stood for a moment in slender, sun-drenched nudity, then raised her eye and met Daniel's.

They stared at each other, the girl crimsoned, and Daniel felt his own cheeks burning.

Roxana whirled and raced for the river.

With only her head showing above the water, she glared at Daniel. "You spy!" "But I wasn't!" Daniel stammered and took off.

Later, he returned cautiously to the



ADVENTURE MAGAZINE

clearing. It was empty. The neat pile of clothing was gone. The only sign that Roxana had ever been there was her still-damp footprints.

He noticed something else, too, partly hidden under the moss. He picked up a heart-shaped locket, attached to a fine gold chain. He snapped open the cover.

A beautifully-painted miniature of Roxana gazed up at him. A more mature Roxana, with eyes mirrored in sadness. He closed the lid, put the locket in his war bag and went back to the cabin.

At least a dozen men were lounging around the door. Frenchy, the rum seller, was waving his arms and making a speech. Old Mose was standing some distance apart, grinning sheepishly.

"Here he is now," a black-browed, barrel-chested man growled. He glowered at Daniel. "Where at have ye hidden that blasted Injun?"

"Take it easy, Jake," a man advised.

"The hell I will. Never did have any use for a damn Injun lover." Jake swaggered forward, pointing a hammy hand at Daniel. "For a government scout, you take up with some queer ones. First that slut of Helm's, then a lousy Injun thief."

"What did you call that girl?"

"Don't tell me you don't know what she is."

Daniel's fist flashed up. It caught Jake on the jaw and staggered him back. Jake shook his head and charged.

It was quite a set-to while it lasted. After the fourth knock-down, Jake refused to get up.

"Anybody else hankerin' to talk about Indians or ladies?" Daniel asked.

The men looked at one another, grinning uneasily.

Ganwoc was gone from the cabin. The Indian had drawn a crude design on the hearth with a piece of charcoal. A circle with a short arrow pointed out, another in. Ganwoc had taken off, but not for long.

Although there was no sound, Daniel's woodsman's sixth sense warned him that he was not alone in the cabin. Swinging up his rifle, he turned slowly.

MOSE TUCK'S big frame filled the door opening. "You'd sure lost your hair that time, boy, ef'n I'd been one of Girty's redskins." More soberly Mose said, "Pay no heed to Jake's spiel about the girl. She's a real sweet child, and the major, he ain't that sort of man."

"Why did Jake bring up her name?"

"He's jealous. He seed you with her and she won't even speak to him. 'Sides, them gossipin' women have been talking."

"They always do," Daniel said grimly.

"Well, I'm gettin' on up to the fort. The major wants me to scout out with you and the Injun." Mose's sharp eyes centered on the hearth sign. "When he comes back."

After he left, Daniel took the locket from his war bag. He opened it and studied the small likeness of Roxana. It was hard to believe anything wrong about that girl. Still, the poison of Jake's taunt remained. There was something peculiar about her story and he had caught her listening at Helm's door.

Mose showed up at sundown. "Your Injun back yet?"

"No. We'll wait a spell," Daniel said.

But when the afterglow faded and the real dark shut in, he decided to wait no longer. He slipped on the light pack and picked up his rifle. He and Mose eased down to the shore.

"Where's the canoe?" Mose asked.

"Right here . . . No, it's gone!" Daniel was still feeling around in the darkness when they heard a light ripple of water, a steady drip, from a cautious paddle. A long slim shape glided toward them.

The canoe touched the shale, then Ganwoc stepped out and splashed ashore to them. The Delaware said glumly, "No need to scout now. Girty come."

"You take him to the major," Daniel told Mose. "I'll rouse the folks down yonder."

"Indians!" Daniel reported to the startled sentry at the stockade gate. "Rouse up!" he shouted.

THE headquarters door opened. Major Helm strode out, buckling on his sword belt. "Beat the alarm!"

The wide-eyed drummer boy's poised sticks fell with a rolling crash.

Pounding boots and hurried commands rang in the night; soldiers in the white cross belts of the Continental Army climbed ladders to the firing platform. Others passed up powder and shot for the swivels in the light from hooded battle lanterns.

Then the settlers started streaming through the gates, their gaunt shadows, in the flickering blaze of pine knot torches, capering before them. Over a hundred souls, some driving stock, all burdened with precious belongings. The women were fearful-eyed, as they tried to calm the terrified children.

Daniel counted the men, forty-one in all. Those in homespun carried muskets, but at least a dozen keen-eyed rangers in buckskin had rifles like his own and Mose's, which was mighty heartening.

A timid hand tugged at his sleeve. "Is it true he's coming?" Roxana asked.

"It's true, if you mean Simon Girty."

The girl shivered, and her hand fluttered to her throat. The movement reminded Daniel that he still had her locket, and he wondered if she set any store on it as a good luck charm. If it would make her feel any easier . . . But by then she had faded into the shadows.

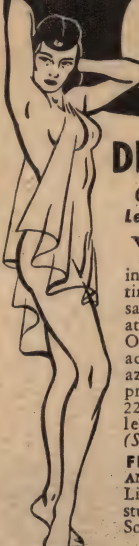
Major Helm, atop a wagon box where he had been checking the passing refugees, shouted orders: "All right, you men. Close and bar the gates! Everybody's in."

The livestock was corralled in the center of the parade-ground, the women and children crowded into the cabins. Then the men joined the soldiers on the firing platform. A great quiet descended on the little fort, broken only by an occasional scrape of moccasin on the planking, or low-voiced conversation.

Major Helm climbed the ladder and touched Daniel's shoulder. "Lucky we had warning in time to ready for the devils. I won't forget it."

"Thank Ganwoc," Daniel said. "He

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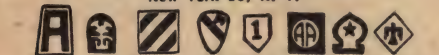


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damn near walked onto the main war party—mostly Wyandots. 'Bout four hundred. He didn't see Girty."

"Maybe that's why they haven't attacked." Helm stared over the stockade, into the inky night.

"That ain't the reason." Mose Tuck set his rifle against the logs, dipped into his war bag. He brought out a plug of tobacco, bit off a chaw and offered it around. "Even Girty, with all his influence, can't get a Wyandot to attack in the dark. Too many evil spirits hanging around out there."

"When do you think it'll come?"
"Somewhere 'tween the false dawn and daybreak. The ghosts have all gone to bed by then."

Helm nodded. "It's so damn quiet."
"Don't let it fool you," Mose grunted. "Right now you couldn't put a foot down in them woods without stepping on a red mink."

"Wonder how Girty got such a hold on the Indians?" Daniel asked. "There's renegades aplenty, but none with his power."

"It's his medicine." Mose sent a stream of tobacco juice over the wall. "Don't know what it is. Nobody does, 'cept the Injuns. Added to that, he's ox-strong, and a mean fighter."

Ganwoc had been listening. "Girty bigger man than all chiefs together. Even Hamilton. Girty speaks, everybody jumps."

"The hell you say," Mose rasped grimly. "A bullet'll stop him, same as any man."

"His medicine very strong," the Delaware insisted.

WITH the first hint of gray in the east, they came loping silently like lean, hungry wolves. Within a hundred feet of the stockade, they raised the fierce, barking war whoop of the Wyandots, so different from the Shawnee's long-drawn panther scream.

Rifles blazed as the defenders poured lead into the first wave of savages. Dozens fell; the others came on, placed notched poles against the walls and swarmed up. The second wave followed close behind.

Naked, oiled bodies glistening, the Wyandots fought over the sharp-pointed logs and dropped onto the platform, swinging hatchets. Hand to hand, men struggled, cursing and shouting, or fell, screaming, the twenty feet to the ground.

Daniel sank his blade deep into a shaven skull, easy as splitting a pumpkin. Before he could free his hatchet a red giant had him by the throat. Daniel managed to draw his knife. He plunged it into the bare belly, ripped it upward and felt an unholy joy as the wolf glare faded from the Indian's eyes, and the warm enemy blood gushed over his hands. Suddenly the platform was clear; the attackers were fleeing back into the woods.

"Never seen Injuns fight like that," Mose declared. "We must have kilt close to fifty."

"We lost five, and ten are wounded, near as I can make out." Helm's sword was dripping red. He peered out over the

body-littered clearing. "Not a sound, nor a redskin in sight. It's uncanny."

"Something movin' near that clump of hemlocks." Daniel rested his rifle between the logs. "Jupiter, look at that!"

A large white horse trotted into the open. Its rider, a broad-shouldered man with flaming red hair, sat easy in the saddle, a long rifle held across the pommel. He rode almost within rifle shot of the fort and sat studying it carefully.

He sent his horse at a canter completely around the stockade, then rode back into the woods.

"What was that all about?" Helm's brow creased in puzzlement. "Was it—"

"Simon Girty," Mose told him. "Seen the cuss often enough, even afore he turned coat. He was a young feller, then. Kind of rough, but not a bad sort. You'd think he'd hate Injuns, for what they did to his folks."

"He wasn't treated any too well by the whites," Helm admitted. "Never got the advancement he earned in the army."

"Now the whole border is paying for what a few short-sighted fools in command did to a good man," Daniel's jaw tightened. "I hate to say this, Major, but I haven't much faith in St. Clair, either. Not after he evacuated Fort Ty, back in York state, without a fight."

"He hadn't much choice," Helm protested. "After Burgoyne got his guns atop the mountain that overlooked it."

"Why didn't St. Clair put his own up there first?" Mose asked dryly.

"Here he comes again!"

The red-haired man was riding straight for them, the horse held to a gallop. In one hand he held his rifle high, a white flag fastened to the barrel end.

"If that's Girty, he has guts," Helm said. "Reckon he's covered by forty rifles, right now. Hold your fire!" he called down the catwalk.

The flag bearer drew rein within pistol-shot.

"It's him!" Mose yelled excitedly.

"Where is your commander?" the horseman shouted.

"Right here," Helm called back stiffly. "Major Jabez Helm, Continental Army."

The renegade stood up in the stirrups. "I demand the surrender of this post!"
"Who are you?" Helm roared. "What is your authority?"

The man grinned, his coarsely handsome face almost boyish. "Simon Girty, and I hold a commission in His Majesty's Rangers. By Gawd, if that ain't enough authority, there's five hundred red devils back in them woods just itching to get at your scalps."

Helm glared. "Will you give safe conduct to the garrison and non-combatants?" he asked tightly.

"Sartain-sure," Simon Girty agreed.

ANSWERS TO QUIZ ON PAGE 50

1-D, 2-O, 3-H, 4-P, 5-R, 6-M,
7-Q, 8-N, 9-A, 10-F, 11-B, 12-I,
13-C, 14-K, 15-E, 16-I, 17-J,
18-G.

"He's too damn agreeable," Mose said. "If you want this fort," Helm said evenly, "come and get it."

Girty's face darkened. "Every man, woman and child will burn over a slow fire," he promised savagely. Abruptly, he kicked his mount into a gallop.

Mose raised his rifle. "The dirty—"

Helm pushed up the barrel. "He came under a flag."

A commotion inside the fort claimed their attention then. A crowd of women and a few men surged across the parade-ground. They dragged a panting female, her clothes ripped and torn.

"We caught this hussy trying to sneak out of the sally-port!" Jake shouted.

"Roxana!" Helm gasped.

"She's a damn, sneaky spy, 'sides lots of other things."

Daniel dropped to the ground. "Shut your lying mouth!"

"Make me!" Jake drew a knife.

The blade sliced through Daniel's sleeve. He felt a burning stab in the shoulder, a hot stickiness under his shirt. He brought his knee up into Jake's belly, his right fist clipped the loud mouth.

Daniel pushed roughly through the crowd. "Take your claws off her," he told the shrewish women. They backed away, shrilling scornfully. "You're welcome to some Injun's white squaw."

The blankness was back in Roxana's eyes. Blood was streaming from the scratches on her face, down over her firm young breasts. Daniel took her to the major's house.

"Roxana, why were you trying to run away?" Daniel wanted to know.

Her lips quivered. "It was the only way."

"What do you mean?"

Roxana lowered her eyes, stubborn resolve in every line of her slender figure. Daniel looked helplessly at Mrs. Helm.

"Oh, let the poor child be," she said.

THE attack that followed was more ferocious than the first. It was beaten back, but the garrison lost heavily.

"The powder's running out," Helm said wearily. "They'll finish us next time."

Mose came down the catwalk, kicking an outraged Wyandot before him. "Look what I found among the bodies. The varmint was playin' possum."

They took him down to the parade for questioning, but the Wyandot stood with folded arms.

Then suddenly his stolidness broke. He clapped a hand over his mouth, eyes wide with shock.

Roxana was standing in the open doorway of the Helms' cabin.

With a wild wail, the savage whirled and bolted. Ganwoc blocked his flight. They crashed together, and the savage wrenched the knife from Ganwoc. He would have plunged it into the Delaware's heart if Daniel hadn't triggered his rifle in time. The Wyandot spun and stumbled a few steps before he died.

Helm motioned to have the body taken away. "Now, what made him do that?"

Mose and Ganwoc looked at Roxana, then at Daniel, but said nothing. They led the way back up to the catwalk.

"The powder's running out," Helm said wearily. "They'll finish us next time."

"We can't let Girty and his savages get his hands on the women," Daniel said, and even as he spoke a wild plan began forming in his mind. Quickly, he ran along the catwalk and pulled himself up on one of the higher palisade logs.

"Simon Girty!" he shouted. "Simon Girty, you're a yellow dog!"

"The lad's gone daft," Mose muttered.

"Simon Girty! Can you hear me?" Daniel called to the silent, dark woods. He repeated the query in Shawnee and the smattering of Wyandot he knew. "Simon Girty is a squaw in men's clothing. He is afraid to fight himself. He hides behind the bodies of his warriors."

ABRUPTLY Girty heeled his white horse out of the woods, a thunderbolt of fury. "Stinking whiteface!" he screamed. "Come down and fight like a man!"

Daniel dropped back to the catwalk.

"You crazy?" Mose said. "You hain't going out there."

Daniel looked down at his own people. He saw the terrified Roxana in the cabin door. He dipped her locket out of his warbag and put it around his neck, a lady's favor to be worn in danger.

"You're a fool," Helm said angrily.

"It's our only chance," Daniel told him.

"Better for one to die than the whole garrison."

Girty's voice came over the stockade walls. "Lost your nerve, whiteface?"

Daniel laughed. Swiftly, he pulled his weight to the top of the palisade, climbed over, lowered himself and dropped. He shifted the hatchet forward in his belt, and went out to meet Simon Girty.

The renegade was waiting, half way between the woods and the fort. He stood, hands on his hips.

"Shucks," Simon Girty said. "Why did they send a boy to do a man's work?"

"Knives or hatchets?" Daniel inquired.

Girty chuckled, drew his tomahawk and tossed it aside. "I can take ye with my bare hands," he gloated. But Daniel noticed he didn't throw away the knife.

"Let's get on with it," he said.

They circled, knives out.

"I'm goin' to carve out your gizzard and make you eat it," Girty said pleasantly.

Daniel lunged, Girty parried, and the fight was on. Steel rang against steel, blood ran down Daniel's face from a cut on the scalp; he got Girty in the shoulder. They closed, each caught the other's knife wrist. They swayed, panting, each man trying to trip his enemy.

Daniel saw a new respect in the older man's eyes. He slipped and fell, Girty atop him. They rolled over the ground, and here, Girty, the heavier, had the advantage.

One knee fastened Daniel's knife hand; the renegade straddled his flattened body, iron fingers clutched Daniel's throat and Girty's knife poised above it.

Girty was grinning again. Suddenly, his eyes widened, staring at the locket that had come loose from under Daniel's shirt. For just a moment, his grip relaxed, and

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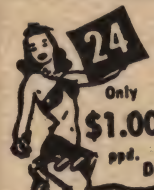
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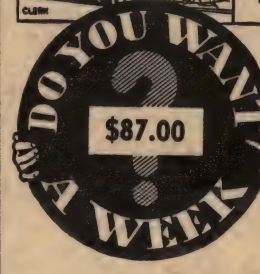
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Daniel, with renewed effort, brought his knees up sharply to the small of Girty's back. Girty sailed over Daniel's head and landed with a sickening thud. Daniel rolled over, pushed to his feet, and stood, drawing deep gulps of air into his burning lungs. He still had his knife.

The renegade eyed Daniel dully, expecting the death blow. "Go ahead," he said, "Finish me off."

Daniel stepped back. "Get up."

Astonishment flickered across Girty's face. "You're a fool," he told Daniel, as he climbed painfully to his feet. He bent and picked the locket off the ground. "Where did you get this?" he asked heavily.

Now it was Daniel's turn to grin. He had the answer to a lot of things that had been plaguing him. "Where do you think?"

"The little devil!" Girty railed, with some of his old fire. "So that's where she went?" He paused and studied Daniel doubtfully. "That's my sister's picture in the locket you were wearing. She's dead these ten years. Roxana's a spitting image of her mother, and just as tender-hearted, I reckon. When she begged Hamilton not to turn the redskins loose, he just laughed. We had no idea she'd take to the woods—least of all, come down to Helm."

Daniel took the locket back.

Girty hooked his thumbs in his belt and stared hard at the lines of Indians. Even at that distance, Daniel could see they were getting impatient. Girty slanted a

glance at Daniel's ready knife. "I ain't in a position to bargain, but if I call off the attack, will ye let me go? Mind ye," he added hastily, "I ain't afeared to die, but . . ."

"But since we've got your medicine your Indian friends might get to wondering."

"What?"

"Roxana, she was your medicine, wasn't she? She and her red hair." He studied Girty. "Would you keep your bargain?"

The renegade stiffened. "Simon Girty never broke his word yet." He shifted his feet, a strange softness on his hard face. "I'd like that locket, sort of."

Daniel passed it over. As his hand closed on it, some of the old swagger returned to Girty. The locket would be something, Daniel guessed, lesser medicine, but something.

"Be good to her," Girty said. "Or, I'll seek you out and roast you to a turn over a slow fire." He stalked away.

Daniel headed for the fort. The sally-port opened. Mose, Helm and some of the others came out to meet him.

"So the little redhead was Girty's medicine," Mose remarked later. "Injuns always set great store by that color in a scalp." He paused. "You shouldn't have given him the locket, though."

Daniel laughed. "Hell, man, I could afford to let him have a picture. Haven't I got the real girl?" He started across the parade ground for Helm's cabin, where Roxana waited. ■ ■

WHAT IS A HOMOSEXUAL? CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

Kinsey's statistics claim that nearly every man (women were perhaps not as honest) has had some kind of homosexual experience in his life, even though he may have preferred not to continue it.

For the purposes of this article, then, let me discuss only the true one hundred per cent homosexual, not the one who is bisexual and enjoys both sexes equally but the adult to whom the opposite sex is a social companion, not a bed fellow.

To secure this material as objectively as possible, I have consulted medical experts, have read both fiction and non-fiction books on the subject, have talked with normal people who live and work around homosexuals, and conversed with homosexuals. They seem to have widely varying opinions of the subject, even the homosexuals differing among themselves as to why and what they are.

In reading about homosexuality from textbooks, however, it is interesting to note that many case histories seem to have been taken down in hospitals, institutions, or prisons. Yet only a very small percentage of homosexuals are found in these places. The homosexuals' constant fear is having to pay in some way for their special differences, and the average homosexual spends his or her life trying to act and look like anybody you might know, except—and this is a very big "except"—when his emotional needs drive him to overt acts.

Homosexuals are a minority group, like

many political, religious or racial groups. They are a large group of people who are constantly aware of something that binds them together, but they are the only minority group who cannot collectively admit their own existence. Numbering possibly some five to six million in the United States, they live in an underworld of society's making. They cannot meet as homosexuals anywhere but in a homosexual bar or in another "homo's" house, unless the normal person who invites them is unmindful of the dangers that close association with their kind can bring, not in personal danger, but in the reaction of society. To admit that you are a homosexual or that you like homosexuals as human beings leads, in many places, to social ostracism.

In the same manner that a political underworld gets its own code, its own type of identification with its own members, homosexuals have built up their own other world. This is usually in larger towns and cities. Seldom does a homosexual remain in a small town all his life, unless he is one of the latent group who knows something is wrong with him but never realizes just what. Due to the very nature of a small town, the homosexual who recognizes his own needs or differences cannot stay where people know everything about everyone else, and where to be different is to be a stranger.

In a large metropolitan area there are more opportunities for people of different

interests, even unnatural instincts, to find other people similarly inclined. And in any big city, if you hail a taxi and ask the driver to take you to a "queer" joint, you will usually be led right to the heart of a group, although you might not always gain entrance to the bar or private club where it is gathered.

AS a writer, I have traveled through the country and at various times have been taken to the night spots frequented by homosexuals. It is interesting that only in New York are there bars that cater separately to female and to male homosexuals. In New York homosexual men and women do not socialize with each other as much as they do in places like Connecticut, Los Angeles, San Francisco, and Boston. Perhaps this is because, despite their size, cities outside of New York have more of a rural atmosphere and smaller groups, and the "queers" of both sexes gather together for assurance and comradeship.

It is also interesting that tourists like myself are tolerated but never welcomed in homosexual bars. It is as though an invisible line were drawn; conversation is permitted only on a limited scale. If, however, you are introduced as a friend of mutual friends, all verbal barriers drop.

Homosexuals will react to your friendship or interest according to the way you speak to them or about them. For instance, they prefer to be called "gay" rather than "queer." Their term for a normal, heterosexual person is "straight" or "jam," according to what part of the United States you are in. Any male homosexual is a "faggot" or "fag." An effeminate man is a "pansy," a "drag queen," "Marjorie," "a fairy," "dilsy," "Ella," or anything else depicting the calla lily type.

A masculine-type male homosexual is "trade," "rough trade," or "butch." A man who has money to spend on someone he likes is "a John." An elderly fag is an "Aunty," particularly if he likes young boys. A boy under twenty-one is "chicken." A bi-sexual is called "ambisexuals."

A Lesbian is the dignified term for a female homosexual. The masculine-type is a "pants butch," "butch," "bull dyke" or "dyke." The feminine one is strictly a "femme." If they both look feminine, so that you cannot tell which plays the female and which the male, they are "ki-ki."

It is an interesting fact that not only are most male homosexuals not effeminate but many effeminate men are not homosexuals. Extreme effeminacy often leading to transvestitism and sometimes linked with glandular disturbances, and occasionally with homosexuality, constitutes, in the opinion of many psychiatrists, a separate neurotic condition that has nothing to do with a sex life with the same sex.

The "gay" men and women avoid the swishy, "letting their hair down," "campy" transvestites of the male homosexual world. These males who want to wear female clothes or act like a woman at all times are held in greater disrepute than the Lesbian who dons the attire, habits, and attitudes of a man.

Other gay men and women believe that this swishy type is the one who creates the trouble with society and the police by his exhibitionism, loose talk, and promiscuous behaviour in public places. Drinking spots frequented by homosexuals usually bar transvestites who refuse to be inconspicuous in both mannerisms and attire.

Apart from obvious glandular specimens of homosexuality, the average gay person feels there is nothing physically wrong with him or her. A homosexual is developed physically the same as a normal person, but certain things in his or her childhood environment prevented complete emotional development.

A Lesbian will tell you, for instance, that she saw her father beat her mother. This led her subconsciously to feel that all men did this to all women, and a distaste for men developed within her.

A young boy might have had to sleep with his mother and disliked the feel of her breasts or body pushing against him. The desire for a girl instead of a boy often impels parents to coddle their little sons into effeminacy. Psychiatrists, however, stress the influence of the father or father image, or lack of one, as being the greatest cause of such development.

You also find among the reasons given for leaving a heterosexual life for a homosexual one, the latent discovery that love-making from the opposite sex is distasteful. A woman who has been introduced to sex in a brutal manner by her husband may react to the feminine softness of a Lesbian partner. A man who is married to a timid woman may want the roughness of another man instead.

Males in gay life outnumber females at least four to one. This proportion may be a little high, because there are many ways in which women hide their homosexual tendencies, while men can't.

There is nothing odd about two women being affectionate with each other, chumming around in various places. But it would certainly be odd in our country for a man to kiss another man, or even hug him, or hold his hand, or to make any demonstrations that are not accepted as American masculinity.

Women can wear man-styled clothes without argument. Slacks are used for lounging, sports or outdoor activities, and there isn't a fashion field where the women don't ape the men in some way. On the other hand, even bright colors for men are frowned upon, a man being a homosexual suspect if he wears a too-bold fashion or overcasual sports clothes.

Another way in which women can fool the world about their homosexuality is in their ability to be with straight men, even to the extent of the sex act, without anyone knowing their distaste for it.

A MAN cannot perform the sex act without being aroused, so a homosexual man cannot put on an act with a woman unless he desires her.

There is still a lot of talk going on about homosexuality being inherited in some way. Science hasn't discovered much about this yet, but homosexuals believe there must be something to the idea.



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I was introduced to identical twin brothers, two sister combinations, two uncle-nephew combinations, and two brother-sister combinations, all homosexual, each having his or her own love partner, all living in the same large city.

Another interesting thing is that while a great many homosexuals are brilliant in various creative fields, contrary to popular belief, homosexuality is not confined to either a high, medium, or low intelligence quotient. It can crop up in all types.

AS ONE expert noted, homosexuals are marginal men and women, and the worst part of it is the sense of guilt it creates. Some of these guilt-ridden people will do anything to become "respectable." They marry, often disastrously, in the belief that even a wrecked marriage is better than being known as someone who has never had a heterosexual relationship.

Others go to psychiatrists and psychoanalysts, some to be treated just enough to adjust to their gay leanings, others in the hope of being entirely rid of such impulses. If the motivation is strong enough, a person can be psychoanalytically cured of homosexuality in from three to seven years, *but the motivation has to be strong.*

One group of some fifty or sixty psychoanalysts are pooling their findings on studies of homosexual patients in their private practices and have already come to some preliminary, though unofficial, conclusions. They find that homosexuality is a psychogenic factor, one that is not organically predetermined.

It is not a deficiency in male hormones, because a homosexual cannot be cured by any injections of these same hormones. Homosexuality in itself is actually a symptom, not a disease. It may be a symptom of a deep-seated neurosis, or a psychosis, or a need within oneself. The spokesman for this group stressed to me that just because someone is a homosexual does not mean he is a distasteful or horrible person. It means only that he may not have developed to a sufficient degree of maturity to be at least heterosexual.

Another preliminary conclusion of this group was the statement that psychoanalysts consider homosexuals potentially harmful because they seduce young people and draw them into harmful ways.

I asked the spokesman if this applied to all homosexuals. He sidetracked to admit that homosexuality is not necessarily harmful between two adults with the same degree of maturity. He says it is not sex play between two people of the same sex that causes the harm, but the harm is its effect upon others on whom it may be forced.

Speaking to homosexuals, I found them appalled by the degeneracies attributed to them. The true homosexual is not looking for a one-night stand, a temporary sex thrill. Even if married and having to keep up a front, the gay person wants a love and understanding and halfway secure relationship with someone who wants and needs the same thing.

Many gay couples avoid the public bars, and those who frequent them do so out

of loneliness, or because it is the only place where they can meet their own kind. The street pickups are for the desperate, particularly the desperate male homosexual. The Lesbian is still a woman who wants to know that someone desires her and who hesitates to be picked up hastily and tossed aside even more hastily.

If you sit around with a group of women homosexuals you are struck by their normal appearance and attitudes, omitting their clothes. They have the same social tastes as you and I—they like good music, theaters, movies, card games.

The male homosexual is a little more frantic—either very shy or very blatant about himself and his needs, seldom middle-of-the-road.

The homosexual who is in the gay routine for life, so to speak, seeks a permanent partner and nothing less. Many of them enter into an apartment-sharing love relationship that lasts indefinitely, the way normal marriages do.

Unfortunately, the best-intentioned homosexual life stands always in jeopardy of being found out. Despite their care in never having obvious homosexuals visit them when they live in straight neighborhoods, most homosexuals find themselves caught in a squeeze play between honesty and deception.

As Donald Webster Cory points out in his book, "The Homosexual in America," a homosexual has to lie to protect himself, and then is called a natural liar. If he lives the truth, he is an outcast. The public looks on them as prey for blackmail, although blackmail is rare among homosexuals. Blackmail when reported to the police can be effectively curtailed.

I believe that those homosexuals who are adjusted and happy about being "gay" are those who try to be the way society demands. They do not want to look homosexual, they are not alcoholics, they are not over-sexed, they are not any different to be with than normal people. The smaller ratio, who do the wrong things, make the group stand out as a whole.

The homosexuals who do the wrong things have basically the same characters they would have if they were normal. Unfortunately, society tends to judge an entire group by the few who get written up in the newspapers, go to jail, or are put in an institution.

ONE brilliant Lesbian, doing a thesis on this subject, told me there are probably some homosexuals who lure the uninitiated into the fold, just as there are some normal men who prefer their casual women to be virgins. But, she asks, who knows about the many gay people who don't do anything wrong, except for what society condemns in their sex relationship? Who knows about those who have ethics, who admit and recognize their own homosexuality within their own group, but who have enough respect for the social taboos to keep out of it people who should not belong?

So, after all this, have you learned what is a homosexual? I have. A homosexual is a person. ■ ■

I FOUGHT THE SLASHING KILLER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

I had studied the pearl diving technique—knowing that my life depended on doing the right thing fast—and I visualized what was happening topside. The tender was paying out my line, and I had confidence in Blanco.

A GOOD tender is often harder to come by than a good diver. He must know the exact moment to order more air hose thrown out. If the boat is drifting too fast he must be able to tell just how much safety line must be paid out so the diver won't be dragged along the bottom.

Blanco, like everyone else aboard except myself, was an Islander, big and cheerful, always singing and yarning. But he became deadly serious when he had his diver on the bottom.

Once I touched the bottom I jerked the line, which was immediately answered and I knew Blanco had shouted "Plombo!" The engineer standing by the compressor, hearing the hail, would adjust air pressure for the correct depth. I was in good hands. I looked around curiously.

Visibility was good, perhaps ten feet or so, with everything quite distinct and clear up to six feet. The lifeline went up ahead of me, already taut, telling me I must walk forward to keep a uniform distance from the lugger. Over my shoulder the air hose swept out and back, curving widely to avoid the lifeline, going up to the compressor eighteen fathoms above. Walking was not too difficult, certainly not as tough as I had expected.

I walked forward, zig-zagging from side to side so as to cover as much ground as possible. Thoughts of sharks and gropers entered my mind only to be dismissed. I must concentrate on earning my keep as a pearl diver.

The skipper had chosen a good patch. Almost at once I was picking up shells, transferring them to the basket, and I wondered whether a prize pearl might not be hidden in the crusty coverings. The drift came to an end almost before I realized it and I was being hoisted to the surface in careful decompression stages.

As the handler took the helmet off and the sun struck across my face, I took a deep breath of fresh air. I had dived for pearls! This hard and dangerous work, is carried on in tropical seas. In the months that followed I earned my place as a pearl diver. Days of similarity went by, days of sweat, and yet there was the constant knowledge that at any unexpected moment tragedy could strike.

I heard tales of hordes of ravenous barracudas and of what gropers could do. The old chestnut that a manta ray could wrap a man in its wings and crush him was brought forth to delight me. And yet, when tragedy came, it sprang not from the sea, but from the irony of fate.

We were working off Goulbourn Island when we lost Brazzo, our second diver. One moment the handler was tending his

line, the next he was frantically shouting, pointing. The lugger was standing up, not drifting broadside, with the screw giving her steerage against the wind.

Up came the line. The air hose boiled away astern and on the end of the lifeline was just a helmet and corselet.

The lugger bucked across the patch, rolling a trifle in the crosswind; the sun still shone and the sea made little clucking noises. But down there in the green gloom of twenty-five fathoms a man had just died.

For the first time since I had begun this adventure of diving for pearl, I realized just what it was I had got myself into. And yet, what difference did it really make? I had taken risks before. I knew I would take them again.

"What happened?" I yelled.

The tender was scrambling off the broad platform projecting over the stern which had to be used when the lugger was standing up and the divers went off the stern. The skipper pointed.

"Air hose wrapped round the propeller. Chewed up."

"Brazzo tried to get up," the tender shouted "but . . ."

"But he didn't make it," I finished.

The crew got over the tragedy. They had lost divers before; once they had lost two on the same day. Now it meant I was second diver, working from the bow when we drifted. We went back to Thursday Island to report and then sailed again.

Then we were off Booby Island and I went down, with Pedro to follow me. Pedro was the new diver, a young Islander, full of fun and enthusiasm, keen to make his fortune in the risky business of diving for pearl. In some strange way I felt a sense of responsibility for him.

Down below it was murky. I had to strain to see a bare six feet through the small vision-ports. The lugger drifted fast and I wasn't picking up much shell. I trudged along, zig-zagging, wondering about Pedro.

Last night, lying on the gently heaving deck, we had been regaled with stories of past underseas adventures, of ravenous sharks and the many perils that face the diver. I had been particularly impressed by the obvious respect the proper aroused in the Islanders. I had seen gropers, of course, specimens that were small by comparison with the giants, and yet I fully understood the fear they could arouse.

A HEAD of me stretched a long, low mud bank and I could barely see the bommies, huge coral boulders, rising above me to disappear into the dimness.

I was getting worried. Bommies were nasty things to tangle with. You could walk between two of them, with clear water as far as you could see on either side while above they swelled like giant toadstools and your air hose would be neatly snapped on the coral edges by the

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drifting weight of the lugger overhead.

I looked about for a less hazardous route, and a warning tug on my line told me I was straying dangerously far astern.

I caught the gleam of nacreous pearl as a shell clammed shut, disturbed by the vibrations of my movements. I picked it up, conscious that I was master of my technique, but worriedly aware that danger comes from a dozen different directions under water. I walked up the bank. A second rising, beyond and to one side, became clearer as I neared it.

This was groper bottom and I had no desire to meet up with the giant cod. As though the thought were a signal, the bulky muddy bank up ahead stirred, flicked around. I was looking at a groper!

He looked mean. His gash of a mouth, a long down-curving slit, sneered as though snarling at my uninvited presence in his kingdom. He was a real giant, probably weighing over a thousand pounds.

I backed away, kicking up sand and mud, praying fervently that my air hose wouldn't snag the sharp coral bommies above. I remembered Brazzo. He hadn't made it up when his air line was severed. And he hadn't been tangling with a killer fish!

I shook for more line, still backing up. Blanco was up there and I needed his skill more than ever before. The groper bored in now, thrusting ahead. I could visualize that wicked mouth opening with its rows of razor-sharp teeth, opening and closing around me.

I didn't waste any time. The sand and mud I had stirred up rose in a swirling cloud, confusing the fish, giving me some sort of concealment, a fraction of time to get myself out of there fast.

The entangling lifeline and air hose bothered me. If I had been skin diving—but I wasn't. I felt chained to the bottom. I signalled frantically. Four pulls. Danger! Then I signalled for more air hose.

Twisting my head desperately I tried to see above me. The bommies were up there. Bommies alone I could have handled, taking each forward step with meticulous care. But I had also to consider the giant groper seeking hungrily for my blood through the settling sand.

And then I felt a violent tug on my helmet and knew that what I had feared had actually happened. My air hose had snagged a bommie!

ANY minute now and the drifting lugger would exert tremendous leverage on the hose, dragging it hard against the coral, and ripping it from my helmet. I fought down the panic that claws at your guts when you're trapped, when you know that the next second will bring a flood of choking water into your helmet.

I made a decision. I would do what Brazzo, the native had failed to do.

The harbour master had warned me that the Islanders, for all their handed-down diving lore, knew little of underwater physiology. I had that slender advantage, and I meant to use it well.

I took a deep breath. With a smooth drive of my uplifted hands I threw off

the helmet. It sank to the bottom. Then I seized the life line, signalled for a stiff line, and began to pull myself up.

Blanco responded at once. The line began to tauten, the helmet and corselet acting as an anchor. Below me the mud and sand I had churned up dwindled. I saw a wicked flash of gray as the groper emerged from the cloud, his immense body driving through the water with titanic power. He moved like a great torpedo through the water I had just left and vanished.

THE sea grew paler around me. Now my danger lay in the forces of nature, not the giant groper. That was far below, still seeking me angrily through the clouded mess I had kicked up. I remembered Pedro. My signal of danger should have warned Blanco. From his interpretation of the vibrations of my line he had known enough to haul me up. I hoped that Pedro's handler would do likewise and haul Pedro away from the area where that giant groper swam in vicious circles.

None of this would have happened if I hadn't got caught up with the bommies as well as the groper. I was so busy working all this out in my head that I broke the surface and felt strong hands on my jersey pulling me up before I could have thought it possible. Pains began to grip my arms and legs. I needed no warning of what would happen next.

"Groper . . . bommies . . . Pedro . . ." That was all I could gasp out. My jaws felt as though they had been plunged into putty. My body went stiff and all sensation left me except a dull nausea in my stomach. I couldn't move. I was aware of hands pulling and pushing me and then a half-dress (a canvas jacket cinched in at the waist with rope) and helmet was thrust over my head.

I had the bends. I was helpless in the grip of the diver's dreaded occupational illness. Nitrogen, forced into my body by pressure had had no time to seep out during my rapid rise to the surface. Now I would have to hang in the half-dress below the lugger until I recovered.

Nine fathoms below the lugger's keel I hung suspended in the half-lit world that I had come to know and love. For all its dangers there is no other place like it in the world. This time I drifted helplessly, waiting for the petrifying numbness to wear off. I wondered about Pedro. I had felt responsibility for him, and yet I had been forced to leave him in a position of peril, but I knew I had done the only thing I could do.

Sometimes a diver is sent down to watch over a man recovering from the bends. So I wasn't surprised when another shape dropped through the water toward me. I looked into his helmet, expecting to see the stern diver. Pedro's grinning face winked at me and I guessed he was saying: "I'm all right, Mike. Don't worry."

A feeling of relief swept over me.

Reaction would come; but now, nine fathoms below the keel of the pearling lugger, I knew at last that I was a professional pearl diver—and most certainly not a "one trip expert."

THE MAN BEHIND THE GRIZZLY BEAR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

even if obliquely, with the Custer massacre at the Little Bighorn. But few have thrust the limelight on the general himself. The hero is usually some young officer in the general's outfit or an Indian scout.

It is odd that he should come down as a name, rather than as an individual, for he was quite an exciting personality in his own right. So much so, that, except for his doomed ending, his life story reads almost like a Hollywood scenario.

George Custer was born on a little farm in Harrison County, Ohio. On the day he graduated from West Point he plunged into the very heart of war—the first Battle of Bull Run.

There he acquitted himself well and the next winter, as a dashing young cavalry captain, he spent his leave at a sister's home in Monroe, Michigan, and met Elizabeth Bacon, the pretty daughter of a judge.

Returning to the Civil War again, he found himself on the staff of Brigadier General Pleasanton and squared off against the staunch Jeb Stuart, a Confederate cavalry leader. And one day, after both his brigadier-commander and the colonel had been mortally wounded, young Custer led a Union charge against Stuart's men.

It was done so brilliantly that the next day he was made a brigadier general himself. A brigadier general at twenty-three!

A full-fledged hero now, he returned to the village of Monroe to claim the hand of its most beautiful belle, Elizabeth Bacon. During the rest of the war he continued making a name for himself. At twenty-four he became a major general and it was he who accepted the flag of truce that signified the surrender of General Lee and the Confederacy.

But the handsome young general was not content to rest on even such memorable laurels as these. He became a re-

nowned Indian fighter and, as head of the Seventh Cavalry at Fort Leavenworth, was the hero of the campaign that ended with the battle of Washetaw and the complete rout of the Indians there.

In 1873, Custer and his outfit had moved to Fort Lincoln in the Dakotas, where Indian trouble was brewing again. After the Civil War the blond cavalryman had reverted in rank to a lieutenant colonel but his bold and brilliant leadership on the ever-dangerous frontier soon won for him a rank of full-fledged general.

The great grizzly in the picture already mentioned, was killed by Custer on his expedition into the Black Hills of the Dakotas in 1874-1875.

A year later, on the morning of June 22, 1876, General Custer rode out to a rendezvous with destiny.

Everybody knew the general was riding into trouble. The Indians were bitter. And not without cause. They had made solemn treaties with white men, treaties, granting them certain territory for their buffalo herds and their way of life. But the pioneers, pushing ruthlessly westward, had broken these pacts again and again. The Indians enraged and bitter, put on war paint.

But General Custer, who had met formidable situations before, moved out confidently with his cavalry unit of 212 men. Although the movies seem to have overlooked this angle, the general had two brothers, Captain Tom Custer and seventeen-year-old Boston Custer, riding along with him. A young nephew of his, Autie Reed, and a brother-in-law, Captain Calhoun were also in the outfit.

General Custer's immediate objective was an Indian village in the valley of the Little Bighorn, where scouts had reported seeing the dust of a vast pony herd. The Indians apparently were getting ready for the warpath and General Custer wanted to curb this activity, if he could, before it



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"I thought I'd never get you alone, Miss Harley."



The Iron Colonel

by James W. Lumsden

USUALLY a man can be clubbed, booted or torn to death by a handful of assailants within a few minutes. Hanging is also lethal after a short interval. Yet it took a mob of 300 hate-frenzied men an entire afternoon, employing these and other methods, to kill a tough U. S. Army officer. In fact, his last breath was a blood-throated whisper of defiance at his tormentors.

In July of 1863, there occurred in New York City four days of horror known as the Draft Riots. The first draft in our history started in a city full of sympathy for the South and bitterness toward the \$300 exemption clause. On Monday, the festering boil of resentment burst. Restless men in the poorer sections of the city, led by the gangs of New York, rioted. The mobs began to loot, murder and burn.

Tuesday morning, the mobs received their first setback. Colonel H. F. O'Brien, Commander of the 11th New York Regiment, led an assault of police and regular troops on the rioters. With canister and grape, he shredded a mob of 2,000.

The colonel lived near the scene of the fighting. Dismissing his troops, he walked in full uniform to his home. He stopped in a pharmacy and was recognized. Immediately, 300 men gathered outside screaming for his hide. The palsied proprietor begged him to leave before a torch was thrown into the store. Colonel O'Brien was a powerful physical specimen and had experienced every emotion except fear. Short hairs on a neck the circumference of a pie plate, stiffened in indignation. Drawing his sabre, he hurled his massive frame through the pharmacy door.

These men knew O'Brien. When aroused, the colonel had the temperament of a bull alligator disturbed at feeding time. As O'Brien slashed with his sabre and aimed his pistol, a man hiding in the doorway clubbed him to the sidewalk. Like a school of piranha, the rioters

surged over the fallen soldier, booting him and each other in their frenzy.

"Get a rope!" someone shouted. O'Brien was dragged by the legs over rough cobblestones to a lamp post. One of the officer's tormentors had a happy thought. "Boys, this lump of Irish filth likes to dance," whereupon a sizable portion of the mob took turns dancing a jig on the bloody form.

The soldier's torn lips twisted. Unintelligible oaths gurgled through the blood in his throat. When a rope was found, eager hands soon had the colonel spinning and swaying above the street. Satisfied that O'Brien was dead after a long interval, they cut him down and threw him into the weeds, like so much rubbish. Then the more sadistic elements took over. Grasping the body by the legs, these ghouls raced back and forth over the rough stones in the street.

The sunlight and the interest of the mob began to fade. Men began to think of supper. They turned for one last look at the mutilated, blood-saturated form. Suddenly, they gasped in disbelief. The gory pulp that once had been the handsome head of Colonel O'Brien was raising from the ground. Whispered croaks were frothing through his shredded mouth.

Quickly an enraged circle ringed the prostrate form. A heavy boot smashed the mangled head to the ground. For an hour, the helpless officer tried to rise, and each time he was booted to the cobblestones. Finally, the last whisper of defiance ceased, and the huge body shuddered for the last time. Then the mob dispersed.

In nearby Pennsylvania, the Battle of Gettysburg was drawing to a close. President Lincoln was soon to eulogize the fallen heroes who stopped Robert E. Lee. There was neither eulogy nor hallowed grave for the Iron Colonel. Yet no other soldier in the Union Army had exhibited greater courage and defiance in the face of an enemy. ■ ■

got out of hand. He had sent out two other cavalry outfits, one under Captain Benteen, the other under Major Reno, with orders to swing toward this Indian concentration from different directions in a pincer movement.

When Major Reno crossed the Little Bighorn River and opened fire on the village from the rear, Custer promptly decided to cross the river, too, and attack from the front. Aware that the army was badly outnumbered, he wanted Captain Benteen's outfit, which was a few miles away, to join the fray and so he dispatched an Italian bugler, Martini, to deliver this message: "Benteen—come on—big village—be quick. P.S. Bring packs."

It was, so far as is known, Custer's last written order. And Martini, the bugler, was the last surviving white man to see the general alive.

In the meantime, Custer and his 212 men were bearing the full brunt of the redskin fury. When the Indians counter-attacked Major Reno and his group, the latter became demoralized and fled back across the river.

Captain Benteen, upon reaching the scene and seeing what had befallen Reno, elected to stay where he was instead of going to the aid of his general, three miles away.

Now here, a bothersome fact must be mentioned. While General Custer seemed to be popular with his enlisted men and junior officers, neither Major Reno or Captain Benteen liked him. Both were brave but bitter, perhaps jealous of the youthful general's spectacular success. We will never know to what extent, if any, the personal feelings of those two men entered into their military judgment that tragic day.

The fact remains that Custer was doomed by an overwhelming enemy camped on all sides on high river bluffs. The soldiers were hemmed in by thousands of angry, naked warriors.

The details of what happened to this brave little band will always be veiled in mystery. No white man came out of it alive. The evidence indicates that as the battle progressed and their ranks thinned, the soldiers kept moving closer and closer around their leader. He'd managed to get them out of tight spots before; perhaps he could do it again. But this time there was no miracle forthcoming. The help encamped only three miles away would not budge.

Custer's men went down, it seems—even the very young—like old soldier pros. As the relentless hordes of painted redskins closed in, the men shot their own horses and used them as breastwork, selling their lives as dearly as they could.

IT IS pretty certain that General Custer went down with great gallantry. Although he was their arch enemy, the Indians, who respected a brave leader when they saw one, did not mutilate his body as they mutilated the corpses of his men.

Anyway you figure it, though, the man behind the grizzly bear was more than just a name to be linked to a one-day occurrence. ■ ■

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